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JOHN MURRAY III

John Murray.

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JOHN MURRAY III

1808–1892

A BRIEF MEMOIR

Biog
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BY JOHN MURRAY IV

WITH PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATION

NEW YORK
ALFRED A. KNOPF
1920

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PREFACE

I HAVE long cherished the desire to attempt the writing of a biography of my Father. The materials for such a work are superabundant, as they were in the case of my Grandfather's life. For over ten years I was engaged in collecting and arranging the correspondence before handing it over to Dr Smiles, but this had to be done in leisure hours, and for many years past such leisure hours have been denied me.

With a view to keeping my Father's memory alive before the generation which knew him passes away, I wrote an article which Dr Prothero kindly accepted and published in the 'Quarterly Review.' It has brought me such a large number of gratifying letters, both from friends and strangers; from those who knew him and those who did not, that I have been persuaded to republish it in the somewhat more permanent form of this small volume.

I have included several passages which, owing to limits of space, had to be omitted from the 'Quarterly,' and have added my Father's own account of the origin of the Handbooks, and a few extracts from his letters home from 1830

to 1884, as they will give the reader some idea of the zeal and intelligence which he imported into his travels, and which enabled him to become the Pioneer of Guide Book writers.

I have to thank my brother Hallam and my sisters for their assistance in furnishing me with various details and copies of letters.

J. M.

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From a picture by the late Sir George Reid, P.S.A.

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JOHN MURRAY III

1808–1892

I

My grandfather, John Murray the second, has received an ample meed of renown and credit at the hands of the public. Not more I think than he deserves, but rather to the eclipse of his predecessor and of his successor, both of whom in my humble opinion deserve a fuller recognition than has yet been given them.

One hundred and fifty years ago it required more resolution than it does to-day for a young man to give up his commission in the army and start a trading business on his own account; but this was what the first John Murray did in 1768. That he had many close friends in the service is known by the letters of his correspondents, many of whom rose to distinction in later years. He had a genuine love of, and a taste for, literature, and he laid the foundation well and truly, although he died before he had attained to any great financial success. My present purpose however is not to write about him but about my father—the third John Murray in the direct line.

In 1843 he succeeded to the headship of the business, which had already taken its place among the leading publishing firms in London, but, owing

to my grandfather's generous mode of living and of treating his authors, was not in a very flourishing financial position. My father therefore had before him many years of strenuous work to remedy this deficiency.

Of his early school days at Charterhouse he seldom spoke much, but an occasional reference to a bully who kept a cricket-stump with which to thrash small boys is remembered. However great the traditions of a public school may be, it must have been a sad curtailment of the wholesome life of the boys to be cooped up in the centre of a city like London; and my father often said that he could not subject his own sons to such a disadvantage. From his earliest years he suffered from an inflammatory malady of the eyes, which greatly hampered his enjoyment of life and his power of taking part in games. I never knew him except as a very short-sighted man; and his was a form of short-sight which derived no aid from glasses. As we grew older, we children were accustomed to act as eyes for him in recognising friends. In spite of this, his powers of observation in regard to scenery, architecture, painting, etc., were extraordinary; and he never seemed to forget what he had once seen.

In January 1827, at the age of 18, he was sent to Edinburgh to study at the University, and there he entered upon a life of study and associations which were thoroughly congenial to him. He lodged with the Rev. Andrew Thomson, D.D., as a member of the family; and, from first to last, Dr Thomson's only word of complaint in regard to him was that he had too many friends in Edinburgh, and was tempted to go into society so much as to

endanger his studies, although it is evident that in the long run they did not suffer. He attended the lectures of Prof. Jameson in geology and mineralogy, of Dr McCulloch in Political Economy, and Dr Hope in chemistry, besides taking lessons in French, German, mathematics and riding, From the outset to the end of his days, geology and mineralogy constituted his favourite pursuit. He never went on an excursion from Edinburgh without his hammer and bag and note-book, and he formed a good collection of minerals, which is now in the School Museum at Eton.

I gather from my father's letters that Dr Thomson's misgivings in regard to social attractions were not unwarranted. He had many relations and friends in Edinburgh and appears to have received a large number of invitations to town parties and country houses. I find him going to stay with General Elliot, a relative of his mother, at Rosebank, with Sir William Fettes at Gogar Bank and with General Bethune at Blebo. Here he was initiated in the art of partridge shooting, but without much success owing to his defective eye-sight—'I ought rather,' he writes, 'call it firing than shooting, as I only brought down one bird.'

In Edinburgh he dined frequently with Captain Basil Hall, in whose house he met 'a Mr Audubon,' the distinguished American naturalist, who told him of the Mississippi floods.

'January 2nd, 1827.

'He had travelled over the greater part of the United States and his conversation was very interesting. He mentioned that there were 300 steamboats on the Mississippi. At the time of the year when the snows melt, that river overflows its banks to a great extent

and covers all the immense woods on its banks so that the steamboats actually sail over the tops of the trees and cut across the country, instead of proceeding along the winding stream. It, however, sometimes happens that they are caught like Baron Munchausen in the branches, and are thereby stuck fast and lost. At the time of these overflowings the water sometimes rises 65 feet in a week and a person setting off on a Sunday on a journey of 1700 miles down the river has arrived at the place of his destination on Wednesday night. He said he had himself made such a voyage.'

At Mr Ballantyne's he met Mrs Siddons; and he also went to see Dugald Stewart, a connexion of his father's. One of the most notable events of his stay in Edinburgh was the famous dinner of the Theatrical Fund, at which he was present, when Sir Walter first publicly owned to the authorship of the Waverley Novels. Of this he writes as follows:

'Edinburgh, Feb. 26, 1827.

'Mr Allan had kindly offered to take me with him to a Theatrical Dinner which took place on Friday last. There were present about 300 persons, a mixed company, many of them not of the most respectable order. Sir Walter Scott took the chair, and there was scarcely another person of any note to support him, except the actors. The dinner therefore would have been little better than tolerable had it not been for the confession of Sir Walter Scott that he was the author of the Waverley Novels. This acknowledgment was elicited from him in this manner. Lord Meadowbank, who sat on his left hand, proposed his health, and, after paying him many compliments, ended his speech by saying that the clouds and mists which had

so long surrounded the Great Unknown were now removed, and he appeared in his true character (probably alluding to the *exposé* made before Constable's creditors, for I do not think there was any preconcerted plan). Upon this Sir Walter rose and said, "I did not expect, on coming here to-day, that I should have to disclose before 300 people a secret which, considering that it has already been made known to about 30 persons, has been tolerably well kept. I am not prepared to give any reasons for preserving it a secret; caprice had certainly a good share in the matter. Now that it is out, I beg leave to observe that I am sole and undivided author of those Novels; every part of them has originated with me, or has been suggested to me in the course of my reading. I confess I am guilty and am almost afraid to examine the extent of my delinquency. 'Look on 't again I dare not.' The wand of Prospero is now broken, and my book is buried; but before I retire I shall propose the health of a person who has given so much delight, I dare say, to all now present, the Baillie Nicol Jarvie."

'I report this from memory; of course it is not quite accurate in words, but you will find a tolerable report of it in the Caledonian Mercury of Saturday. This declaration was received with loud and long applause; as this was gradually subsiding, the Baillie (Mackay)* exclaims in character, "Ma conscience, if my Father the Deacon had been alive," etc., which, as you may suppose, had a most excellent effect.'

Whenever he could get a few days' leave, his chief delight was in making excursions over Scotland, which he seems to have explored pretty thoroughly from Galloway to Aberdeen, and from Arran to St Andrews, all the time making careful

* Mackay, the actor, who had made a hit in the part.

notes of antiquities and places of historical interest, but above all of geological and mineralogical features. During his sojourn in Edinburgh he made at least three close and lifelong friendships —with Allen Thomson, the son of his host and tutor, with Torrie, a nephew of Professor Jameson, and with Copland. In company with one or other of the two last named he made many of his subsequent prolonged excursions on the Continent.

That his residence in Edinburgh was not wasted as regards his studies may be learned from the following letter from Dr Thomson to his father when it came to a conclusion.

'Edinburgh, Nov. 15, 1827.

'Your son left us yesterday morning, and I cannot think of him departing without bearing my strong and cordial testimony to his merits. I never had a finer young man under my roof, so perfectly behaved was he, in every respect so agreeable. Good temper, sobriety, attention to his studies, an obliging disposition, polite and pleasing manners, a readiness to perform whatever he knew and felt to be a duty, deference to our opinions and wishes as to all that concerned his conduct—these were qualities by which he uniformly distinguished himself, and you may believe me when I say that Mrs Thomson and I part with him with real regret, and shall always remember him with esteem and pleasure. I think he has acquired a good deal of information during his residence in Edinburgh, and what is of still greater consequence at his period of life, a strong desire to advance in the path of knowledge and improvement. I hope you will not confine him too closely to business, but permit him to attend classes and prosecute study as much as possible. Chemistry and Natural History, especially Mineralogy and Geology, are the departments

in which he most delights. With you he can be at no loss for books. He should also attend the best Lecturers, of whom you have some that are very eminent, and I must request you to allow him to be at some expense in joining a museum. Such things will not only add to his personal respectability and his more refined enjoyments, but must be ultimately beneficial to him in his professional life. Forgive these suggestions.'

On leaving Edinburgh he was destined to begin serious work in his father's office, but, according to his invariable custom, he sought and obtained permission to make a circuitous journey home, in order that he might inspect some remarkable prehistoric foot-prints of animals in the sandstone at Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire, and afterwards made his first acquaintance with the English Lakes. These same foot-prints caused no little stir among the geologists of the day; and the following letter gives an amusing account of one of the experiments made to explain their origin:

'Jan. 23, 1828.

'I went on Saturday last to a party at Mr Murchison's house, assembled to behold tortoises in the act of walking upon dough. Prof. Buckland acted as master of the ceremonies. There were present many other geologists and savants, among them Dr Wollaston. At first the beasts took it into their heads to be refractory and to stand still. Hereupon the ingenuity of the professor was called forth in order to make them move. This he endeavoured to do by applying sundry flips with his fingers upon their tails; deil a bit however would they stir; and no wonder, for on endeavouring to take them up it was found that they had stuck so fast to the pie-crust as only to be removed

with half a pound of dough sticking to each foot. This being the case it was found necessary to employ a rolling pin, and to knead the paste afresh; nor did geological fingers disdain the culinary offices. It was really a glorious scene to behold all the philosophers, flour-besmeared, working away with tucked-up sleeves. Their exertions, I am happy to say, were at length crowned with success; a proper consistency of paste was attained, and the animals walked over the course in a very satisfactory manner; insomuch that many who came to scoff returned rather better disposed towards believing.'

From Keswick he rode round Derwentwater on horseback, and arrived in London near the end of the year 1827. In 1828 he spent his first summer holiday in Scotland and made notes on Aberdeen and Aberdeenshire for Mr Moore, who was then engaged in writing Byron's Life. He was now fairly launched on his business career, and never relaxed his steady application to work until within a few days of his death in 1892; but from 1829 to 1884 all his holidays were saved up for travel.

There can be no doubt that the need of good guide-books for travellers had taken firm hold of his mind in his student days; and by sheer hard personal labour he built up a series which held the field against all competitors till the time when cheap travel introduced the vast horde of travellers who cared little for intellectual information, and required a totally different class of *vade mecum*—travellers to whom where to feed was a more important question than what to see.

The influence of the Red Books used to be shown by various interesting incidents. One of

the points invariably insisted on by my Father was the sanitary conditions and arrangements in hotels and cities; and I have no doubt that the vast improvement which has taken place in this respect in the succeeding years was more due to him than to any other individual. He used to receive accusations and threats from hotel-keepers and syndics, and always replied that, if they would furnish proof of amendment, he would alter his remarks, but not otherwise.

On one occasion I remember Mr John Delane, the famous Editor of the 'Times,' on his return from a journey abroad, telling my father that he had been present when an altercation was going on between a landlord and a man who claimed special privileges on the ground that he was Mr Murray of the Handbooks. Mr Delane intervened and said, 'Mr Murray happens to be a friend of mine, and you are not he.' He therefore assisted in turning the impostor out of the house. Henry Reeve, in his Memoirs, writes,

'My stay at Vienna displeased me mightily; but the last two days of it were rendered more agreeable by the very welcome company of John Murray *fils*. I wish he had arrived sooner, for he is a very agreeable person, and the most thoroughgoing sightseer who ever trod the deck of a packet-boat.'

In 1829 he visited the chief places of interest in Holland, Belgium and North Germany, including Weimar where he had the interview with Goethe described in an article which he wrote for Murray's Magazine, on 'The Origin of the Handbooks.' This article I have, in consequence of several enquiries, added as an appendix to this

Memoir, together with a selection of his letters during his foreign tour, as they give a clear impression of his thoroughness and intelligence as a tourist and sightseer.

From 1829 till 1843, when his father's death increased his responsibilities and his business ties, he spent all his longer holidays in travel and in the writing of the Handbooks.

In 1830 his route lay through Paris, Marseilles, Bordeaux and Central France: in 1831 with Torrie as a companion he visited Milan, Venice, Salzburg, Munich, etc., but was prevented by an outbreak of cholera from penetrating to Vienna. In 1836 he made his longest journey, down the Danube to the borders of Turkey and Wallachia. In 1837 he took his two sisters, and his Cousin Murray Holland, afterwards a Fellow of New College Oxford, up the Rhine and through Switzerland to Milan, and in 1841, again with Torrie as a companion, he explored the Pyrenees, and climbed the Brèche de Roland in the days when mountain-climbing had not become a popular pastime.

In 1858 he was elected a member of the Alpine Club.

Throughout these years he was busy writing and publishing his Handbooks, of which I have the original MSS. in his own handwriting. He wrote to his father, 'To the best of my belief I have not borrowed one sentence from any English author nor materially from any foreign one.'

Even in the midst of his work he found opportunities to attend scientific meetings in Great Britain. Here is an account of a meeting at Oxford in July 1833.

'At the Oxford meeting almost the only representatives of Scottish Science were Sir David Brewster, and one Forbes. Cambridge sent forth as her champions Airy, Babbage, Whewell, and Sedgwick. Deputies came from almost every provincial Society. The venerable Dalton from Manchester (much to the credit of Oxford; a symptom of waning prejudice, you will style it) was honoured by the Doctor's degree, along with Brewster, a Presbyterian, and Faraday, a Sandemanian. Imagine however the Quaker Sages, decked out in Cardinal-like robes of scarlet, and even appearing and listening to a Sermon at the Cathedral on Sunday, in the seat of the Doctors and in the aforesaid robes. Even the science of Botany Bay was not left unrepresented—Sir Thomas Brisbane, the founder of the Observatory there, being present. Buckland was the life and soul of the meeting, of which he was president. The session continued for a week. On one of the days he gave an equestrian lecture on the geology of the neighbourhood. The class *à cheval* amounted to about 200—a capital troop of cavalry to scour over the plain—with the learned Professor, hammer in hand, at their head. A loud blast from his whistle announced the scene of action, and the whole party clustered round him in a few moments. He is a capital lecturer, with much power of lucid illustration. He combines so much fun as to render any subject interesting, however abstruse. He really was great upon the subject of a gigantic skeleton of the Megatherium recently arrived from Buenos Ayres. The list of equestrian catastrophes during the day were unusually small. Your friend little Clift (the Elder) was mounted on a mettlesome Sheltie, which though it ran away with him, was unsuccessful in unseating him, so that he reached home without stain, either on his breeches or his (equestrian) reputation.'

Edinburgh held for him another attraction

besides the friends and associations of his student days. During his residence there he had seen a very charming little girl dancing at a children's party, and in 1847 he returned to be married to her. This was Marion, third daughter of Alexander Smith, an Edinburgh banker, who met his death in a curious way. He was inspecting the contents of Lord Elgin's house in Edinburgh prior to a sale by auction when, owing to the crowd, a floor gave way and the hearthstone fell into the room below and killed him.

My father and mother were a most devoted couple, and until near the end, when illness confined her to the house, and he made his last journey to Italy with his daughters and younger son, I do not believe they were ever separated for more than a few days. To those who knew her as she was, Sir George Richmond's portrait recalls her refined graceful personality, but to others no words of mine can convey the gentle and sympathetic charm which endeared her to all who ever came within her influence.

Thus far I have confined my account mainly to my father's education and recreations, I must now turn to the business side of his life. It is not my intention, nor would it be possible within the limits of this short memoir, to give a continuous and detailed account of my father's life. My object is to place on record a few incidents of his career in illustration of his character. I think it must have been during his journey in Bohemia in 1831 or '32 that he first made the acquaintance of Prince Metternich, whose family seat at Königswart he then visited. When Prince Metternich

was a refugee in England, about the year 1850, my father went to visit him at Brighton; and the old statesman read him a chapter of his reminiscences—the account of his famous interview with Napoleon at Dresden when the Emperor, pacing up and down the room in a rage, threw down his hat and passed and repassed it lying on the floor, in the expectation that Metternich would pick it up for him. Metternich however paid no attention; and in the end the Emperor had to pick it up himself. My father was so impressed by this description that he offered the Prince a large sum (I think 3000*l.* or 4000*l.*) to be allowed to publish the Memoirs, but the Prince would not consent—it was too soon. Many years afterwards, when these records were made public, my father eagerly read the book, but found that the Dresden scene was by far the best plum of the whole; and he considered that he had had a fortunate escape.

In the course of business my father was brought into close relations with John Wilson Croker, a man who was maligned and misrepresented by Macaulay and his faction, and whose reputation was never fully restored till the publication of his Memoirs enabled the public to find out what manner of man he really was. When that book, in the preparation of which my father took an important part, appeared, he sent a copy to Lord Dufferin, then Viceroy of India, who replied:

'Simla, 1884.

'My dear Murray, I have just finished reading Croker's Correspondence, and I cannot refrain from writing you a line to say what a favourable impression

they have left upon my mind in regard to your distinguished friend. . . . I knew absolutely nothing about him except that he was the reputed original of "Rigby" in "Coningsby" and was otherwise unpopular. I am so grateful now to you for having hindered me making a disrespectful allusion to so able and high-minded a man.*

'The volumes are a very noble record of a blameless, patriotic, innocent and industrious life; and I am glad to think that they will amply vindicate Mr Croker's memory from the unfounded aspersions with which it has hitherto been clouded in the eye of that careless and uninstructed majority of mankind which is prone to found its estimates of its fellow-creatures on the malevolent and unverified gossip of the day. . . .

'Ever yours sincerely,

'DUFFERIN.'

This is only one example of scores of similar testimonies from distinguished men which the book evoked, and which afforded great gratification to my father, as did also the following anecdote which came to his knowledge about the same time.

Mr F. P., a relation of Croker's, who knew both Thackeray and Disraeli, determined to ask them why they had treated him so severely as 'Wenham' and 'Rigby' in their novels. One day, after Croker's death, he met Thackeray in the Park and asked him the question. The reply was, 'I supposed Croker's character was common knowledge. I never heard the report contradicted.' F. P. replied:

Let me tell you one story about him, for the truth

* This refers to a slighting allusion to Croker which Lord Dufferin had made in his 'Letters from High Latitudes,' and which my father had persuaded him to omit from the book.

of which I can vouch. Croker and his wife lived at Molesey. Their only child had died many years before and they were a lonely couple. Near them was a school, much frequented by the sons of Indian officials; and many of the boys, having no home in England, had to spend the holidays at school. Croker said to his wife, "I feel pity for those boys—let us ask some of them here in turns to spend a few days with us." Mrs Croker demurred at first, as she said the boys would do mischief. "Never mind that," said Croker, "what does that matter if we can give them pleasure?" And accordingly they were asked and came.'

When Thackeray heard this, the tears came into his eyes, and he said to F. P., 'Is Mrs Croker still alive?' 'Yes, she is, and is in London.' 'Will you take me to her, that I may apologise for what I have written?' and he was taken and apologised. Disraeli's reply to the same question was, 'I will tell you some day'—but he never did.

I have often been struck by the fact that my father's intimate friends were mostly experts in some subjects, and that he used to discuss these subjects with them, not as a mere outsider but with intimate knowledge of his own. Such were Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Roderick Murchison, the geologists; James Fergusson, the architect; Layard, Livingstone and Schliemann, the travellers and archæologists; Sir William Smith, the scholar; Grote, Stanley and Motley, the historians; Sir Joseph Crowe, the writer on Art, and many others.

Sir Henry Layard told me that, when he first came home from Nineveh, he asked my father to purchase the copyright of his book for 250*l*. My father replied that he always disapproved of an

author parting with his copyrights, but that he would pay the expense of publication and give Layard the larger share of the profits. 'The first year,' said Sir Henry, 'I received 1500*l.* as my share; and every succeeding year, to the time of your father's death, I received a further cheque.'

When war was declared against Russia in 1854, my father wrote a memorandum on Varna and the Dobrudja, explaining the geological and geographical nature of the country, which he had visited, and pointing out some strategical advantages which might arise from an occupation of it. This memorandum (enclosing a map of Sir R. Murchison's), of which I have a copy, was sent by Sir Charles Trevelyan to Lord Raglan, who replied:

'My dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for being so good as to send me Sir Roderick Murchison's geological map and Mr Murray's memorandum, which is, as you truly say, highly creditable to him, and the map will certainly be very useful to me should I require the information it contains.

'Believe me, very faithfully yours,

'Raglan.'

'March 7, 1854.'

Dr Schliemann's researches at Troy aroused my father's eager interest, and he lost no time in getting into communication with him with a view to publishing his book. They soon became intimate friends, and the publisher rendered valuable assistance to the author in the preparation of all his subsequent volumes.

When Schliemann came home from Mycenæ, he expressed a strong desire that Mr Gladstone, who took a deep interest in all his discoveries, should

write an introduction. My father approached Mr Gladstone, who replied that he was much gratified by the request, but that, as he was not an expert scholar or antiquary, he must make a stipulation that two umpires should be appointed to decide in case of any difference of opinion arising between himself and Schliemann. Sir Charles Newton and Dr Philip Smith, brother of Sir William Smith, agreed to act in this capacity. The introduction was duly written, and only one point of difference arose. Mr Gladstone translated κυάνος as bronze; and to this Schliemann demurred. He called on my father, who reminded him of the compact, and the question was referred to the umpires, both of whom gave a definite verdict against bronze; but Mr Gladstone would not give way, even in view of his own proviso, and bronze it remained in the book—only modified by the saving clause, '*kuanos*, which I take to be bronze.'

Mr Gladstone used often to call and have a chat with my father; and one of these interviews occurred when he was in the midst of his dispute about the Gadarene Swine. After he had gone, my father came into my room and said, 'Am I dreaming, or is there such a word in Greek as πορκεία?' I replied that I certainly did not remember it, but would look it up in Liddell and Scott, where it does not appear. 'Well,' said he, 'Mr Gladstone has been discoursing for half an hour on the neglect of conjectural emendations in the Greek text, and says he is convinced that the true reading of the passage in the letter from the Elders at Jerusalem to Antioch (Acts xv. 29) should not be ἀπέχεσθαι εἰδωλοθύτων καὶ αἵματος καὶ πνικτοῦ καὶ πορνείας, but πορκείας.' What value there may be

in this conjectural emendation I must leave it to scholars to decide.

When the MS. of the 'Origin of Species' was submitted, my father showed it to his intimate friend George Pollock (a son of the old Chief Baron), who strongly urged him to publish it. He took the advice, though in those days it required some courage to act upon it. Charles Darwin was one of the most courteous and modest of authors. I was present when he called, in 1887, with a MS. in his hands and said, 'Here is a work which has occupied me for many years and interested me much. I fear the subject of it will not attract the public, but will you publish it for me?' My father replied, 'It always gives me pleasure and hope to hear an author speak of his work thus. What is the subject?' 'Earth-worms,' said Darwin. The book was duly published, and six editions were called for in less than a year.

The Bishop of London's Fund was founded in 1863, and my father as Hon. Treasurer (a post which he held till his death) was entrusted, at the first public meeting in aid of the enterprise, with the task of appealing for money. Just before he rose to make his speech, some very distinguished man (alas! I have forgotten who it was) sitting near him leaned over and said, 'How much are you going to ask for?' '500,000*l*.' said my father. 'That is no use,' said the other, 'make it a million.' And so, on the spur of the moment and on his own responsibility, he 'made it a million.' That amount has now been far surpassed.

My father spoke but seldom in public; the calls were not so frequent in his day as they are now; and never, in small things or great, would he

consent to push himself forward. But, when he did speak, he had the gift of saying what he had to say in few words and always with some happy allusion, or anecdote or joke. As an instance I may mention the following occurrence. He was one of the committee of residents at Wimbledon who fought a long and stern fight with Lord Spencer, as Lord of the Manor, to retain Wimbledon Common for the public and resist all encroachments. They succeeded; and, when their labours were successfully ended, their chairman, Sir Henry Peek, M.P., asked them all to dinner, and after dinner presented each member with a silver memorial cup, engraved with a suitable inscription and contained in a red velvet bag. My father was called upon, without any warning, to return thanks to Sir Henry. This he did, introducing the incident of Joseph's brethren on their return from Egypt, and the cup being found in Benjamin's sack, with singular felicity and success.

Dr Livingstone was a constant guest at my father's house when he was in England; and I remember him carrying his gold-banded Consular cap, as men used to carry their opera hats, to the drawing-room after dinner. His portrait, painted by Henry Phillips for my father, now hangs in my dining-room. One day Livingstone, on looking at it, said to my mother, 'Surely I do not look so stern as that, Mrs Murray,' to which she replied that she considered it a very good likeness. I think it was the last letter my father ever received from the Doctor, in Africa, which contained a postscript to this effect:

'Please tell Mrs Murray that I have seen my own

face, for the first time for many months, in Lake Tanganyika, and it is very like the portrait.'

I must not omit to mention Paul Du Chaillu, whose arrival from the Gaboon in 1861, with his gorillas and his stories of dwarfs and other African wonders, caused such a stir in London. He was bitterly and most unjustifiably attacked as an impostor, but he had many staunch supporters such as Prof. Owen, Sir R. Murchison and my father; and his reports of the dwarfs, the great Central Forest, and other wonders of Central Africa, have been amply confirmed in later years. His chief assailant was one of the members of the Staff of the British Museum, who could not pronounce the letter V properly. My father was fond of telling a story of this individual, who began a lecture to a Scientific Society thus: 'The subject of my lecture to-day is the wertical slit in the wisual organs of wenomous wipers.'

Du Chaillu was a strange character—a cosmopolitan Bohemian, born in Louisiana. He spoke several languages, but all of them with a foreign accent. He was incapable of writing two consecutive sentences of good English, but he knew clearly what he wanted to say and never failed to find a friend, either here or in America, to help him to express it. He was a warm-hearted friend and one of the most amusing companions I ever met. He was as great a favourite with children as George Borrow was the reverse. Borrow seemed to take pleasure in exciting their fears, and used to come to us with a frown and say, 'I will scratch your face.' We always called him the Scratchy Man. At my father's table he made his first

acquaintance with a haggis; and long afterwards, when he came down to Wimbledon to dine, his first words on entering the house were, 'Is there a haggis to-day?' My father and mother were once present at a dinner-party where he and Dr and Mrs Whewell were fellow guests. Whewell and Borrow were both large and powerful men, and at table they fell into such violent controversy that it seemed likely they would come to blows, and Mrs Whewell was carried fainting out of the room.

Soon after the death of the Prince Consort, it was decided to bring out a volume of his speeches, which Queen Victoria was anxious to see published by the first anniversary of his death. The firm to which the work was entrusted (it has long ceased to exist) failed altogether in their preparations; and very late in the day my father was called in to take over the responsibility. He had the book re-set, and by very strenuous efforts succeeded in getting it ready by the appointed time. I shall never forget his delight and gratification on receiving a copy with the following inscription in the Queen's own hand-writing: 'To John Murray Esq. with the sincere acknowledgment of his zealous exertions in the publication of these valuable Memorials of the great and good Prince, from His broken-hearted Widow, Victoria R. Osborne, Dec. 20, 1862.'

Ten years later when the Memorial in Hyde Park was nearing completion he was called upon to prepare a sumptuous and elaborate folio volume describing the whole structure and ornamentation. According to his wont he studied the proof sheets carefully as they passed through the press. Dining

out one evening about this time at a party where one or two M.P.s were present, he took part in a discussion which arose about the monument.

One well-known man condemned the structure unmercifully: saying that it was top-heavy, and would certainly collapse. My father explained the principle on which it was built, and that steel ties or girders were embedded in the masonry to counteract the lateral thrust. My mother who was also present heard her neighbour—a personal friend and an M.P.—murmur to the lady on his other side, 'Murray had better hold his tongue on a subject he does not understand.' A few days later the said M.P. asked a very critical question in the House of Commons on the insecurity of the Monument. Of course he was given exactly the same answer as my father had given—but so far as I know he never mentioned the subject to him again.

In the forties my father first made the acquaintance of Dr (afterwards Sir William) Smith; and they worked together in the closest friendship till my father's death in 1892. I never heard of the shadow of a dispute between them, although they carried on a large number of literary enterprises without intermission during those years. In order to show how strong was the mutual regard of the two men I give an extract from a letter written to me by Sir William on my father's death.

'I feel the deepest sympathy with you and your family in the irreparable loss you have sustained in the death of your dear father. . . . You will have the consolation of looking back upon his long, useful and honoured career. I have known most of the distinguished men during the last two generations, but I

know no one who was so universally liked and looked up to and respected in all classes of society, and whose death will be more sincerely regretted. Of my own personal loss I dare hardly think. I have lost my oldest and best friend. I have lived with him in the most intimate friendship for nearly fifty years without one jarring note; and the longer I have known him, the more I have respected, loved and admired him. I have always received from him the most signal marks of confidence, kindness and generosity, and I feel that his death will darken my declining years.'

Together they planned and carried out the Dictionary of the Bible, the Dictionaries of Greek and Roman Antiquities and Biography, and those of Christian Antiquities and Biography, the Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionaries and the Classical Atlas, as well as many minor works which still hold their own as monuments of English scholarship. These enterprises, together with the Dictionary of Hymnology and the Speaker's Commentary, involved an outlay on my father's part of close on 150,000*l*. In all cases he had long to wait before his outlay was recouped, and in one or two instances it is probable that it never will be repaid; but, with him, good and creditable work was an incentive as strong as the prospect of financial profit.

Writing to Sir William Smith on the occasion of my father's death, the Rev. W. Barry, D.D., then Rector of St Birinus, Dorchester, said:

'If I may be allowed to say it, the task in which, during so many years, Mr Murray's name and yours were joined was surely as important as any which could have been undertaken—I mean the bringing within reach of the modern world all that is left of

the ancient. If we are not to run headlong down the steep into a democracy without light or self-control, one of the chief hindrances to that catastrophe will be historical knowledge. In like manner it is of the utmost importance that literature should not be set up as an enemy over against the Christian faith. Whoever has contributed, and that in large measure, to bind the future in this way with the past has, I venture to believe, much reason for thankfulness.'

For fifty years my father never ceased to pursue his geological studies, collecting and collating facts, reading all the new books on the subject, and forming his own independent views. In 1877 he published a small book entitled 'Scepticism in Geology and the reason for it, an assemblage of facts from Nature opposed to the theory of Causes now in action and refuting it,' by 'Verifier.' As the title indicates, this book is an assault on the theories maintained by Sir Charles Lyell and his followers; and I venture to describe it as a model of what such a work should be—clear, cogent, and fearless, but without a discourteous phrase from beginning to end. With his usual modesty he withheld his name, but the book attracted a good deal of attention and soon passed into a second edition. In 1915 I received the following letter from an American Professor of Physics:

'August 16, 1915.

'DEAR SIR, I recently obtained from you a copy of "Scepticism in Geology" by "Verifier." I must say that I admire the book very much, and would very much like to know the real name of the author. It seems to me that the forty years (nearly) since the publication of this book under this *incognito* ought to be amply sufficient to answer the purposes of the

NEWSTEAD, WIMBLEDON

author, and that the public are now entitled to have the veil lifted and to know his real name. Possibly the name has long been known among other geologists, but it has escaped me.

'This book deserves to be far better known than it is; and I feel sure that the author must be a scholar of some standing, for he is certainly a shrewd reasoner, and is a master of a pleasing style, to say nothing of having complete command of the geological literature of his time. May I not hope that you will favor me with the name of the author, and possibly with some information regarding the kind of reception which the book received on its publication? I infer that it has not had a wide circulation. But it deserves it.

. . . .'

The great popularity of the Handbooks was accompanied by gratifying financial success. With the profits thus won by my father 'off his own bat,' he determined to obtain for himself a country residence. For many years he had been drawn towards Wimbledon—then a small village and one of the most attractive within easy reach of London—where his father had lived so far back as 1806.

In 1851 some of the outlying portions of Wimbledon Park, one of Lord Spencer's seats and a distinguished social rendezvous, were being sold off. My father took his friend Allen Thomson down to help him in the choice of a site, and finally bought a few acres on the brow of the hill overlooking the lake and with scarcely a building in sight. There he built himself a house of very modest dimensions, but in the course of thirty or forty years it, as well as the grounds, had grown to two or three times their original size. He wrote to Allen Thomson, 'The house will be moderate in size and thoroughly well built, no

extravagance, I hope. Do you think it would sound absurd to call it Murrayfield [a suburb of Edinburgh]?' The name decided on in the end was Newstead, and there he spent many of the happiest days of his life.

Among his many pursuits and studies arboriculture and horticulture held a high place. He was especially fond of Conifers; and many of the trees planted by him grew to be fine specimens. Some of them were engraved for Mongredien's book on Trees and Shrubs. He took great pleasure in planting some of the new and rare shrubs brought by Robert Fortune from China (including Berberis Darwinii) and by Sir Joseph Hooker from India. Rhododendrons were his special favourites; and some of his best came from Highclere, given him by Lady Carnarvon when he was on a visit there.

He had neither the means nor the inclination to become a collector on a large scale, but he had great taste and discrimination, and in course of time he filled his house with a variety of treasures, pictures, classical coins, ivories, china, in which he took a personal delight. The house at Wimbledon, in its latest state, contained an excellent library; and thither he transported most of his father's books and MSS from Albemarle Street and added many more besides. He never had a study of his own, but preferred to work—and he worked almost every evening—in the midst of a family-party, working, talking, or playing games, which however never seemed to disturb him. One evening I happened to read aloud an account in the newspaper of a hippopotamus having escaped from the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris and

finally having plunged into the river. My father looked up from his work and without a moment's hesitation said, 'What an in-Seine beast!'

The energy of his youthful days never deserted him till within a few days of his death. Whatever the weather, he insisted on walking the mile and a half to and from the station daily; and, when the carriage was sent to meet him on some dark, wet evening, I have known him put his handbag into it and walk home. He regarded a walk as the infallible cure for almost all bodily ailments, and I should hardly have been surprised to hear him recommend it for a broken leg.

On one occasion this propensity brought him into imminent peril. In 1855 he and my mother went for a tour in the Alps. On their return they set out from Locarno, intending to drive to Airolo and cross the St Gothard Pass the following day. I believe that it was somewhere near Faido that, as the carriage was slowly going up a steep hill, my father insisted on getting out to walk. The night was dark and the road was narrow and on the edge of a precipice 1200 feet deep. My father, owing to his defective sight, fell over the edge, but by what seemed almost a miracle was caught by a grassy slope twelve feet down and lay there unconscious. The carriage passed on and waited for him at the top of the hill. When he failed to appear, my mother and two friends who had joined them for the night's expedition became alarmed and sent the coachman back with one of the carriage lamps to search. My father was found lying in his precarious position, and was taken to the inn about a mile off, where he lay unconscious for some time and out of reach of a

doctor. He did not completely recover from the effects of the concussion till some time after his return home.

He was an excellent host and had the power of drawing all his guests into congenial conversation; and many were the entertainments given at Newstead. He was a member of the Philobiblon Society, which has now ceased to exist, but was a distinguished club in the sixties. Each member in turn used to entertain his fellows at a breakfast party (as was then the fashion of the day); and Newstead lent itself admirably to such a gathering. I well remember seeing the company wandering about the garden, including the President of the Society—the Duc d'Aumale, clad in nankeen trousers and waistcoat—Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Dean Milman and others.

Although he was much sought after and highly appreciated in society, he was essentially a domestic man, and his chief pleasures lay among the members of his own family, and in his own garden and library. In referring to his domestic life, I cannot refrain from some mention of his faithful friend and attendant, James Mills, who was for nearly forty years his butler, and was almost regarded as a member of the family by all of us. Mills accompanied my father on his visits to great houses, watched over his comfort, and nursed him in his last illness with a devotion which we can never forget. He taught my brothers and myself whatever we learned as youngsters of cricket, carpentering, and many other useful things, and was moreover a great reader and a very well informed man. Scott and Dickens were his especial favourites among novelists, and I think he could

have passed a stiff examination in the writings of either of them. My father read little or no fiction and was not well up in any novels except Sir Walter Scott's. One day, when Mills was handing round the coffee in the dining-room to the guests after dinner, the question was being discussed, in which of Dickens' novels a certain character occurred. As Mills handed the coffee to my father, he whispered in his ear, 'Nicholas Nickleby'; and my father said aloud, 'I have reason to believe that the character to which you refer is in "Nicholas Nickleby"'; and he was right.

My father had an unusual faculty for seeing the good in people from whom he differed absolutely on politics, religion, and other subjects, and being on the most friendly terms with them. His relations with Mr Gladstone were not confined to business; they were real friends; and he came back from his visits to Hawarden full of interest in what he had seen and heard. On one occasion, he was invited to meet John Bright, and for once he went in some trepidation lest he, a pronounced Conservative, should be unable to get on with the famous Radical and 'tribune of the people.' He came home delighted with Bright as a man, having found him honest and high-principled, and also widely read in all branches of English literature. This gave them much in common; and Bright told him how greatly he regretted not having had a classical education, and that he tried to make up for the deficiency by reading all the English he could. Bright was a keen fisherman, and he told my father that, when as a boy he asked his Quaker father's permission to learn to fish, his father consented on condition tha

before using a hook he should always file off the barb!

After my father's death Mr Gladstone used often to come and see me and talk about him, expressing the high regard he had for him. In the course of one of these conversations I mentioned that my father was a Special Constable on the famous 10th of April, 1848, and was sworn-in at the same time as Louis Napoleon, adding that they were born within four days of one another, my father on the 16th and Louis Napoleon on the 20th of April, 1808. 'Oh,' said Mr Gladstone, 'do not associate your good father with that man!'

When the late Marquess of Salisbury was Lord Robert Cecil, he depended to no inconsiderable extent on the earnings of his incomparable pen, and was a regular contributor to the 'Quarterly,' from which he derived a considerable income. In his later years he never forgot this; and he and Lady Salisbury were most kind to my father and mother, who were frequently their guests at Hatfield and in Arlington Street.

In 1869 he visited South Italy for the first time. In Rome he was under the guidance of his old friend J. B. Pentland, who had acted as cicerone to the Prince of Wales in 1860. In Naples he visited Mrs Somerville and found her, at the age of 89, making point lace without the use of glasses.

His last excursion abroad was in 1884, when, after spending ten most pleasant days with Sir Henry and Lady Layard in Venice, he revisited the Dolomites, a district to which he was the first to introduce English travellers by means of his own Handbooks. After a brief visit to Mr Malcolm, the well-known Venetian Banker, at

Longarone, he went by the Sotoguda Pass to Caprile, a journey which was unusually arduous owing to recent floods which had washed away roads and bridges in many places. From Caprile he started on horse-back to cross the mountains to San Martino di Castrozza and had several *contretemps* on the way. At a place where the exceedingly narrow mountain path had been washed away, the pack-horse fell, rolled down a steep bank, and became pinned down at the bottom of the stream by the weight of his load. The luggage got soaked, but the horse, strange to say, was not seriously injured and, having been extricated, continued its journey. Shortly after, my father, in crossing a swollen torrent on foot, fell into the water and got wet through. These misfortunes, in addition to a deluge of rain that was falling at the time, were a serious ordeal for an old man of 76 to encounter, but he got through them without being any the worse and eventually arrived in safety at Neumarkt and the railway, having thoroughly enjoyed the expedition.

Whitwell Elwin, from 1853 to 1860 Editor of the 'Quarterly,' was to my father more like a near and dear relative than a friend. He was one of the most cultivated and fascinating of companions, steeped in knowledge of English literature, and had a wonderfully lucid and attractive style in writing, as is shown by his volume 'Some XVIII Century Men of Letters.' The memoir attached to that volume gives so good an account of him that I need only refer to it without repeating its contents, to which I made a small and humble contribution.

My father was engaged in business without

intermission for over sixty years—from 1828 to 1891—but there was only one venture on which he always looked back with mortification and regret. He had long had a desire to found a really good weekly literary organ; and in 1869 he was brought into communication with Dr Charles Appleton, Fellow of St John's College, Oxford, with whom he arranged to start and publish 'The Academy.' An agreement was entered into with Dr Appleton as Editor, similar to those which had worked in a most satisfactory and friendly way with successive Editors of the 'Quarterly.' Unfortunately, however, Appleton was a man of a very different stamp from Lockhart, Elwin and Dr Smith. Learned, but narrow-minded and obstinate, and utterly ignorant of the public and its tastes and requirements, he seems to have had but one idea—to appeal to dry-as-dust scholars and men of his own type. A trial number was submitted and rejected, but second attempts were not much better. The first number of 'The Academy' was published in 1870, and received a warm welcome by anticipation in virtue of my father's name, but by the third number the circulation had dropped to less than half. Our letter-books are full of remonstrances from my father, and of dogged opposition from the Editor.

Not content with mismanaging his own department, he endeavoured to interfere with my father's responsibilities as owner and publisher, and to lay the blame of ill-success on him. The struggle came to a climax when Dr Appleton sent in an article by a German professor, which my father regarded as detrimental to the Christian Faith. He took the opinion of Sir Roundell Palmer and

was assured that he had the full legal right to refuse to publish the article, which he accordingly did. But he found it impossible to work with Appleton, and paid a large sum to free himself from an agreement the whole financial burden of which had fallen on him. Dr Appleton took his paper elsewhere, but the failure which was inevitable under his auspices pursued him to the end.

Mr and Mrs Grote were firm friends of my father. When the historian died, Mrs Grote said, 'Well, it is a fortunate thing that he passed away first, as I can now write his Life.' This she did; and her own personality and doings take a prominent part in that work. The American 'Nation,' in reviewing it, wrote:

'In reading this book we cannot but be reminded of Addison's hymn:

"Soon as the Evening shades prevail
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of *her* birth;"

for we find in it more about Mrs than Mr Grote.'

Even the shortest notice of my father would be incomplete which omitted to dwell on the social side of his life, both in town and at Newstead. It was a real delight to him to see his friends under his roof or in his garden. A large number of people specially noted his beaming smile and the warmth of his welcome, putting strangers and young people at once at their ease. A friend of his daughters wrote after his death:

'Last year was made happy to me chiefly by his kindness. Those delightful evenings in your house are among the very happiest I ever spent. How I used to watch for your father coming into the room, and hope he would come and speak to me; and it was delightful when he did, for there was something quite wonderful about his kindness. I did feel grateful to him again and again, and I loved him.'

Another testimony to the same qualities came from Dr Alexander, Bishop of Derry, who wrote:

'I never can forget the genial and continued friendship to me which began at the time of the "Speaker's Commentary," and continued up to last year. A more thorough Christian gentleman I never met; and his face at the Athenæum was always a delightful sight to me. I really feel as if life were perceptibly poorer for that kind and generous soul gathered into the place of rest.'

Mrs Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird) wrote:

'I made Mr Murray's acquaintance as a young girl, and in all this time have never received anything from him but the utmost kindness and consideration as well as sympathy in such of my affairs as I ventured to trouble him with. Thoughts of kindness and help, of giving pleasure to others, seemed to come so naturally to him, and made him so loveable. Just a year ago he wrote me such a kind note asking me to meet Mr Gladstone.

'How his geniality, brightness, and enjoyment of the society of his friends, and the way in which he made people acquainted with each other, made those gatherings in Albemarle Street, as Mr Gladstone said, "the most charming in London." How many must remember them as I do, and the dear figure which, no matter who was there, was always the central one.

So true and loyal a friend will leave so very large a vacant place.'

One special point about the large number of well-known people who gathered round him so gladly was that they had no business connexion with him, and, if they were authors, published their books elsewhere. Among such were Sir George Grey and Sir Bartle Frere, who was a Wimbledon neighbour and a much-loved friend. There were great rejoicings among us when Sir Bartle came home from India or South Africa to the house near Newstead where his family were brought up. Prof. Owen often came over from Sheen, and delighted and amused us with queer stories of beasts and natural history; and Prof. Flower, who later followed in his footsteps, was another frequent guest, as were also Froude and Lecky, and Sir Theodore and Lady Martin.

Among our most intimate friends at Wimbledon were Mr and Mrs George Holland, the parents of the late Professor Scott Holland. They had a very large circle of friends, and their house was a centre of constant and varied hospitality—dances, garden parties, and in winter, theatricals. In these last the future Canon played a leading part, into which he threw all the eager exuberance and energy which afterwards became familiar characteristics of his pulpit utterances. Scott, who suffered from headaches, used to find the incessant talk at the garden parties fatiguing, and one summer Saturday he came to Newstead and, finding my father alone, said: 'Mr Murray, will you give me some tea? I have fled from one of my Mothers' Meetings.'

Through Scott Holland and Bishop Harvey

Goodwin (another intimate friend) my father was led to take an active part in promoting the establishment of the Church House. This undertaking originated with the Bishop, but at first met with much and even bitter opposition. It was a Jubilee scheme and had a thousand competitors, few of which, perhaps, have justified their existence more completely than it has done.

My father took the lead in endeavouring to arouse the interest of the people of Wimbledon in the Church House. 'We have determined,' he writes in February 1887, 'to hold a meeting at Newstead on Thursday. Scott Holland has promised to speak, though his mother appears to have gone over to the Opposition Camp!' and again on March 6, 'The Church House meeting, I am glad to tell you, was a success. The speakers were *imprimis* Scott Holland, Mrs Temple, Rev. J. Ellison, Baron Pollock and Mr Vernon Smith. Archdeacon Burney arrived in good time and did his work well. The chairs were arranged in the library, and before four the room was full, including an overflow in the small library. Mrs Holland came, also Lady Gifford, Mr Gore, Lady Kerry and Mrs Lascelles. Mrs Temple opened the ball; very fluent and to the purpose. Scott followed with an exuberance which rather alarmed me, and his speech lasted nearly half an hour, but it was very clever. Judge Pollock wound up the whole with one of the best speeches detailing the process of his own conversion to Church House. Several of the opposition were present; whether they went away convinced I know not.'

March 20: 'The collection for Church House exceeds £100. Well done, perseverance!'

The total reached £300 in the end.

My father read little poetry and certainly no Browning, yet Browning was an admired and ever-welcome guest; no one was better informed in a wide range of subjects, and he and my father had so much in common that to listen to their talk was a delight. My father knew nothing of music, but that most versatile of men, Sir George Grove, was a constant visitor; and so were Madame Lind-Goldschmidt and her husband, who were well known in his circle of valued friends and neighbours at Wimbledon.

He was a staunch and devout old-fashioned Churchman of a very moderate type, averse from all extremes. Yet Dean Hook and Dean Stanley, both reported extremists in those days, were his intimate friends. He once said of Stanley, when Prof. Max Müller had been asked to lecture in the Abbey, 'He can tolerate anybody except a High-Churchman.' In one way he was ahead of his own generation of Churchmen, for, when the movement was started in Oxford, by men of a younger generation, for assimilating the proved results of modern criticism and showing them to be compatible with the doctrine of Biblical Inspiration, and most of those of his standing held aloof in displeasure, he welcomed it and gladly published their book 'Lux Mundi.' When it came to points of ascertained fact he said, 'If the Church does not bend, she will break.'

His generosity was shown, not only in gifts of books but in lavish help to all sorts of good causes. He served from the first on the committee for the decoration of St Paul's; and, when Bishop Thorold started his great scheme for the evangelisation of

the slums of his diocese (now the South London Church Fund), it was my father who suggested to him to include in it the poor district of South Wimbledon, which had sprung up like a mushroom under his eyes. He had noticed with dismay the growth of its mean streets and population in the course of his work as a J.P. The formation of a new parish, the salaries of workers, and the building of the Church of All Saints, were all abundantly helped by him, as an inscription in the church now testifies. The amount given by him to private cases of distress, whether poor authors or others, will never be known.

In November 1918 the firm completed a century and a half of existence; and I may claim as, I believe, a unique feature that during the whole time the head of it has been a John Murray in direct descent. As I write, the fifth of the name is commanding a battalion in Flanders; and I may perhaps be excused for expressing a hope that he may be spared to continue the tradition.* My father, to whom much of the prestige which the firm has enjoyed is due, was its chief for close on fifty years; and of him I would venture to quote the well-known epigram of Martial:

'Præteritosque dies et tutos respicit annos:
Nec metuit Lethes jam propioris aquas.
Nulla recordanti lux est ingrata gravisque;
Nulla fuit cujus non meminisse velit.
Ampliat ætatis spatium sibi vir bonus; hoc est
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.'

* This hope has been fulfilled, and Lieut-Colonel Murray, D.S.O., has now returned to his normal work as a publisher.

II

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF MURRAY'S HANDBOOKS FOR TRAVELLERS*

I HAVE no desire to intrude myself before the public, and as regards the subject of Handbooks for Travellers I have never put forward any statement of my claims as author and originator of them. Having been requested, however, to give some account of the origin of Murray's Handbooks, I have consented to do so the more readily after reading an article recently contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject of Baedeker's Guides.

The writer of that article would appear to claim for Mr Baedeker the credit of inventing this class of work, and he entirely ignores the existence of Murray and his Handbooks for Travellers, omitting all allusion to them. Now there are already in existence twenty-nine of my Handbooks—including the Handbooks to the Cathedrals—dealing with the British Islands alone; and if the compiler of a new Guide to Great Britain has in no case made use of this mass of material, he has exhibited a remarkable example of forbearance and abstinence.

No doubt the Editor of such a book would be called upon to travel over a considerable part of the country himself, and in dealing with a vast number of facts, and of matters liable to constant

* This account appeared in Murray's Magazine for Sept., 1887.

change, he could not fail to find much to correct and supplement in the work of his predecessors; but the claim of originating this species of Literature, and of having brought it to 'the level of a fine art,' which the writer in the *Pall Mall* broadly asserts on behalf of Messrs Baedeker, would, I feel sure, be repudiated by them, since at the outset of their series they acknowledged once and again the obligations they were under to Murray; not only confessing that they made his Guides the basis and framework upon which their own were founded, but that in some instances they directly translated from his work.

In consequence of this challenge, however, I feel bound not to allow myself to be deprived of what credit attaches to me as the author, inventor, and originator of a class of works which, by the invariable testimony of Travellers, during more than half a century, have been of the greatest utility and comfort to them—which, in fact, may be said to have had no little influence in producing the result of 'Travelling made easy.'

Since so many thousands of persons have profited by these books, it may be of some interest to the Public to learn their origin, and the cause which led me to prepare them. Having from my early youth been possessed by an ardent desire to travel, my very indulgent father acceded to my request, on condition that I should prepare myself by mastering the language of the country I was to travel in. Accordingly in 1829, having brushed up my German, I first set foot on the Continent at Rotterdam, and my 'Handbook for Holland' gives the results of my personal observations and private studies of that wonderful country.

At that time such a thing as a Guide-book for Germany, France, or Spain did not exist. The only Guides deserving the name were: Ebel, for Switzerland; Boyce, for Belgium; and Mrs Starke for Italy. Hers was a work of real utility, because, amidst a singular medley of classical lore, borrowed from Lemprière's Dictionary, interwoven with details regulating the charges in washing-bills at Sorrento and Naples, and an elaborate theory on the origin of *Devonshire Cream*, in which she proves that it was brought by Phœnician colonists from Asia Minor into the West of England, it contained much practical information gathered on the spot. But I set forth for the North of Europe unprovided with any guide, excepting a few manuscript notes about towns and inns, &c., in Holland, furnished me by my good friend Dr Somerville, husband of the learned Mrs Somerville. These were of the greatest use. Sorry was I when, on landing at Hamburg, I found myself destitute of such friendly aid. It was this that impressed on my mind the value of practical information gathered on the spot, and I set to work to collect for myself all the facts, information, statistics, &c., which an English tourist would be likely to require or find useful. I travelled thus, note-book in hand, and whether in the street, the *Eilwagen*, or the Picture Gallery, I noted down every fact as it occurred. These note-books (of which I possess many dozens) were emptied out on my return home, arranged in Routes, along with such other information as I could gather on History, Architecture, Geology, and other subjects suited to a traveller's need; and, finally, I submitted them to my father. He had known nothing of my scheme, but thought my

work worth publishing, and gave it the name of 'Handbook,' a title applied by him for the first time to an English book. But these Routes would have been of comparatively little value, except for the principle and plan upon which they were laid down. I had to consult the wants and convenience of travellers in the order and arrangement of my facts. Arriving at a city like Berlin, I had to find out what was really worth seeing there, to make a selection of such objects, and to tell how best to see them, avoiding the ordinary practice of local Guide-books, which, in inflated language, cram in everything that can possibly be said—not bewildering my readers by describing all that *might* be seen—and using the most condensed and simplest style in description of special objects. I made it my aim to point out things *peculiar* to the spot, or which might be better seen there than elsewhere. Having drawn up my Routes, and having had them roughly set in type, I proceeded to test them by lending them to friends about to travel, in order that they might be verified or criticised on the spot. I did not begin to publish until after several successive journeys and temporary residences in Continental cities, and after I had not only traversed beaten Routes, but explored various districts into which my countrymen had not yet penetrated.

I began my travels not only before a single railway had been begun, but while North Germany was yet ignorant of Macadam. The high road from Hamburg to Berlin, except the first 16 miles, which had been engineered and macadamised by an uncle of mine by way of example to the departments of Ponts et Chaussées, was a mere wheel track in the deep sand of Brandenburg. The postilion who

drove the mis-called Schnell-post had to choose for himself a devious course amidst the multitude of ruts and big boulders of which the sand was full, and he consumed two days and a night on the dreary journey. In those days the carriage of that country (the *Stuhlwagen*) was literally a pliable basket on wheels, seated across, which bent in conformity with the ruts and stones it had to pass over.

On reaching Weimar, having been favoured with an introduction to Goethe, the great poet and philosopher of the time, I had the honour and pleasure of a personal interview with the hale old man, who received me in his studio—decorated with casts of the Elgin Marbles and other works of Greek art,—attired in a brown dressing-gown beneath which shone the brilliant whiteness of a clean shirt; a refinement not usual among German philosophers. On this occasion I had the honour of presenting to Goethe the MS. of Byron's unpublished dedication of Werner to him. Later on —after a brief interview with Prince Metternich, to whom I was presented by Baron von Hammer in Vienna, an acquaintance renewed afterwards when the Prince was an exile in England—I set foot in Hungary, where I had the great pleasure of becoming acquainted with the enlightened patriot Count Szechenyi, who had just completed his grand design of steam navigation on the Danube. I was among the first to descend the Danube from Pesth to Orsova below Belgrade, near the spot where the river, having previously spread out to a width of five miles, is compelled to contract to 300 or 400 yards, in order to rush through a narrow gorge, or defile, split right through the

range of the Carpathians, for its escape towards the Black Sea. In a timber barge I swept over the reefs and whirlpools in its bed, not yet fit for steamers to pass, admiring the wondrous precipices descending vertically to the water's edge, as far as to the Iron Gate. All this is described for the first time in my Handbook, as well as the 'writing on the wall' left by the Romans under Trajan, in the shape of two rows of put-lock holes, continued for 12 miles along the face of the precipice, made for the wooden balcony road by which the invincible Romans had rendered this 'impasse' passable and practicable for their armies. It is worthy of remark that from the days of Barbarian invasion which swept away the road, none other existed on this spot until 1834–5, when the Austrian Government blasted a highway through the limestone cliff along the left bank of the Danube. My explorations ended at the Turkish frontier of Wallachia, which was not to be overstepped in those days without the penalty of six weeks in quarantine. I had already passed the Hungarian military frontier, and its line of outposts like our coastguard, and had penetrated into Carinthia and Carniola, where I visited the almost unknown cave of Adelsberg, with its subterranean lakes and fish without eyes, and I descended the quicksilver mine of Idria, in which it is death to work more than six hours in a week underground. I have especial pleasure in remembering that the first description, in English, of the *Dolomite Mountains* of Tyrol, not a scientific one (Murchison and Sedgwick were before me), appeared in my 'South Germany,' first edition. I explored those scenes of grandeur in company with a geological friend in 1831–32. Thousands of my

countrymen now follow my advice and my footsteps yearly.

On another occasion, while travelling through Bohemia, I paid a visit to Königswart, the family seat of Prince Metternich, partly for its owner's sake, partly on account of a Natural History Collection deposited in it, which I found described in one of Goethe's miscellaneous works. He became interested in it on account of its founder, one Huss, an intelligent, educated, and upright man, whose fate it was to be 'The Headsman of Eger.' It was an hereditary office, handed down to him from a long line of ancestors, but it came to pass that Eger was stripped of its criminal jurisdiction, so the headsman's occupation was gone. The Prince hearing of this, not only generously purchased the collection, but in order not to separate the owner from his treasures when transporting it to Königswart, made him its custodian with a pension for life. I was shown round the Museum by Mr Huss himself, a mild-looking old gentleman, and found that besides specimens illustrating the geology and natural history of Bohemia, it contained many historic relics of the Metternich family of great interest, among them a series of wine-glasses rising from two to four feet each, blown on the elevation in rank of a member in the family, that his health might be drunk out of it. Here were flails and scythes, the rude weapons of the Bohemian peasants used in the Hussite War; the rings of John Sobieski and Matt Corvinus, and Napoleon's washhand-basin brought from Elba. All these were pointed out to me by my guide; but I observed that he passed over a glass-case which attracted my attention, as containing three

swords. I called him back, and was then informed that the central one was the dress-sword of Louis XVI., and the two broad blades which flanked it were the Eger executioner's official swords: one was made at Solingen and the other at Ratisbon, and they looked very sharp. Perceiving that I had not come to scoff at him and his profession, he became communicative, and reminded me that to die by the sword was a privilege of the noble Roman denied to the common herd of criminals.

The first of my Handbooks to the Continent, published 1836, included Holland, Belgium, and North Germany, and was followed at short intervals by South Germany, Switzerland — in which I was assisted by my good friend and fellow-traveller William Brockedon, the artist — and France. These were all written by me; but, as the series proceeded, I was fortunate enough to secure such able colleagues as Richard Ford for Spain, Sir Gardner Wilkinson for Egypt, Sir Francis Palgrave for North Italy, Dr Porter for Palestine, Sir George Bowen for Greece, Sir Lambert Playfair for Algiers and the Mediterranean, Mr George Dennis for Sicily, &c. In 1839 appeared the first of Baedeker's long series of Guides, that for Holland and Belgium, written in German. The Preface contained an acknowledgment of the compiler's obligation to 'the most distinguished (*ausgezeichnetste*) Guide-book ever published, "Murray's Handbook for Travellers," which has served as the foundation of Baedeker's little book.'* He began his Guide to Germany,

* I give a few extracts taken from one or two of Baedeker's Guides:—

'Aus Grundlage hat diesem Werkchen das ausgezeichnetste

published 1842, by again referring to Murray's Red Book as having 'given him the idea of his own, though as his work progressed, he found he could retain only the frame of his original.' No doubt, with my book ready made to hand, he was enabled to use the plan and arrangement, to correct, enlarge, and fill in with such information as he thought useful to Germans, as for instance by sedulously pointing out where the best *Bierstuben* were to be found. The acknowledgment of obligation amounts to this: 'in my first edition I copied, extracted, and even translated freely from Murray's

Reisehandbuch, welches je erschienen ist gedient "Murray's Handbook for Travellers on the Continent."'—Baedeker's 'Handbuchlein: Holland,' 1839.

'Die Brauchbarkeit der von dem Buchhändler *Murray* zu London herausgegebenen reisehandbücher ist eine von den Engländern, dem unter allen vorzugsweise reisenden Volke, so anerkannte Thatsache, dass man kaum einen derselben ohne das sogenannte "rothe Buch" umherwandern sieht. Sie führte den Herausgeber des vorliegenden Handbuchs früher schon auf die Idee, zwei in Deutschland, trotz der Nachbarschaft, wenig gekannte Länder nach jenen Murray'schen Handbüchern für Reisende zu beschreiben und nach ähnlichem Plane eine bekannte Rheinreise zu bearbeiten.' — Baedeker's 'Handbuch für Reisende durch Deutschland,' 1842.

My copy of this work contains the following inscription in Herr Baedeker's own writing:—

'An Herrn Murray richtet dieses Buch in dankbarer Anerkennung der grosse Hülfe welche bei Abfassung desselben die vortrefflichen Reisebüchern "Northern and Southern Germany" gewährt haben mit der bitte um ferneres Wohlewollen der Herausgeber,

'K. BÄDEKER.

'*Coblenz*, Aug. 1841.'

'Das vorliegende Buchlein erschien, auf das berühmte Murray'sche "Handbook for Travellers on the Continent" gegründet zum erstenmale vor zehn Jahren.'—Baedeker's 'Holland,' 1851.

'Die Grundlage bildet auch hier Murray's berühmtes Reisehandbuch.'—Baedeker's 'Die Schweiz,' 1851.

books. As I proceeded I found I was able to do without them.' Still fragments of translated passages long survived, and may be even now detected by such a blunder as the following. In one of the southern Swiss valleys Murray says 'the slate rocks here are full of red *garnets*,' rendered by B. 'are overgrown with red pomegranates,' a mistake which runs through many editions, but which I find corrected in that of 1873. Nineteen travellers out of twenty would have passed the garnets unnoticed; the accident of my having devoted some time to the study of geology caused me to notice the garnets, a not unusual occurrence in slate rocks. Throughout the Handbooks may be traced other results of my private reading, which stamp a special character on these books. My tastes, studies and predilections mark the originality of my writing, and it is impossible but that any one following and picking up my threads one after another should not betray himself as a copyist.

Messrs Baedeker have long ago proved how easy it is with a book ready printed and published to produce another book on the same subject and identical in plan—availing themselves of its information, sending them out in *the same Red Cover*, yet not infringing the laws of copyright. I do not complain of them—they were *legally* entitled to do what they have done; but after they have dogged my footsteps from one country to another—through Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy (North and South), Greece, Syria, Egypt, England and Scotland—I was surprised to find one of their compilers sinking my name and existence altogether, and claiming

for them the merit of originating this class of Handbooks.*

I will, therefore, in winding up my statement, content myself with this remark, that although Messrs Baedeker have brought out some eighteen different Guide-books, every one of them has been preceded and anticipated by a Murray's Handbook for that particular country.

* The late Dr Porter complained to me seriously of the use made of his 'Syrian Handbook' by the German Baedeker, without any acknowledgment.

III

MR MURRAY'S LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY, 1830–1891

THE districts visited by my father nearly ninety years ago are now in the familiar track of all tourists and are described in a score of Guide-books, but he traversed them when they were a terra incognita to most Englishmen and when he had only his own well-stored memory to aid him in seeing and appreciating what was of chief interest. I therefore give the following extracts from his letters home:

'Bordeaux, Hotel de France, July 9th, 1830.

'A walk of about a league, all the way up-hill, under a très grand soleil, brought me to the scene of action, a mine from which gypsum is extracted for making Plaster of Paris. I descended, and remained some time in the subterranean passages, which I found agreeably cool. I was told by the workmen, that the place was quite overrun with mice, which is curious, considering that their only means of support consists in the droppings of oil from the lamps of the miners, and an accidental crust of bread skilfully extracted from the pocket of a jacket, by chance thrown off to facilitate the labours of its owner. From these quarries which were explored two years ago by Messrs Murchison and Lyell, I procured some curious specimens of fossil Fish and Insects, which I am bringing along with me.'

'Paris, Hotel du Rhone, July 17, 1830.

'M. Guestier (W. Irving's friend) was unluckily out of town when my letter was left for him, so that I did

not obtain from him those renseignements respecting the place which are so useful to a stranger. However, I believe I managed by myself to see everything, except (what by the by is somewhat in the manner of the omission of the part of Hamlet) the famous vineyards of Medoc, which produce the wines of Lafitte, and Château Margaux. The whole region round Bordeaux is, in fact, nothing but a vast vineyard, the portion of it devoted to other cultivation being quite insignificant when compared with the space occupied by the vines. M. Guestier took me out in his carriage to dinner at his country house on the eve of my departure. I found him a very pleasant intelligent man, almost English, having been educated in England and having brought his wife from thence. Since my return to Paris I have been informed that Mr Lyell reached Bordeaux some days before me, and that he must also have left it some days previous to my arrival. The appearance of the town of Bordeaux is, I think, more striking than that of any other city I have seen in France. The spirit of improvement has taken possession of the people here to an extraordinary extent. They have pulled down, and have commenced building up on a grand scale and to such an extent, that it will require many years to compleat their plans.

'An excursion which I made, a short distance from Bordeaux, afforded me more gratification than any thing during my sojourn in that quarter. It was to visit the residence of Montesquieu; the habitation of his ancestors, where he was born and lived and wrote. It is an ancient castle surrounded by a broad moat, preserved almost in its original state, with its towers, and loopholes, and drawbridge. I wish I had been a better draughtsman, as a view of it would have been a great addition to your collection of authors' houses.'

In 1831, accompanied by his friend Torrie, he travelled through Northern Italy, and part of

Austria, but was prevented going to Vienna by an outbreak of cholera, which caused much alarm in the country.

'Venice, August 7, 1831.

'Last night I made an excursion to the Armenian Convent on the Island of San Lazzaro, to visit the Padre Pasquale Aucher, he had not by any means forgotten you, and asked very kindly after you. He conducted us over the convent showing us the Library in which Lord Byron used to receive his lessons from him. He has recently had for pupils Lord and Lady John Russell, to the former he has dedicated a translation of Milton's P. L., which he has recently made, and which has been printed at the press of the convent. This he also showed to us. I should fear that this, though perhaps a useful, is not a very profitable part of the establishment. He lastly brought us seats in the neat little garden which has been formed on the space enclosed by the cloisters, here coffee and lemonade was prepared for us, entertaining us in the meantime with his very agreeable conversation. He continues to speak English very well, and is warm in praise of the whole nation, with the exception of Lady Morgan who has lugged him into her Italy rather unceremoniously. One occurrence only he said, had given him annoyance during his visit to London, that was the being mistaken for one of the witnesses against the Queen, whose trial was going on at the time. Considering the Father's reverend station together with the gravity of his long beard this was a most unlucky mistake—however he was enabled to make it understood that though he came from Venice, he had no knowledge of the business. The "Life of Byron" can be sent to him under cover to Mr Money the Consul here. He expresses much curiosity to see it. He is aware that a preface was written by Ld. B. for the Armenian Grammar, it was suppressed at

Father Pasquale's request, because it contained some very strong passages against the Sultan, the Sovereign of his native country, who might easily have retorted on his friends and kindred for such an insult. He has given me a copy of his Armenian Milton for you, together with his own portrait. He received us with a kindness and good nature which were the more remarkable, as he is I fancy very much pestered with visits from English people and especially in our case, as I found that our visit was paid at an hour, when by the convent regulations, the door ought to have been shut, and at last he was obliged fairly to turn us out, and the key upon us. We left the place regretting that we had seen so little of him, but with agreeable recollections of our visit.

'I went to the Lido, a long sandy island about an hour's distance (as they say in this country) from Venice to see the ground over which Byron used to ride—and to-day I had his residence on the grand canal pointed out to me. It is, like most of the buildings round about it, a palace falling to ruins. The plaster fallen off from the front discovered the bricks crumbling to pieces, gloomy windows grated with iron bars all rusty, and tufts of grass sprouting out from between the stones. Before the door, upon one of the piles which are placed there for mooring the gondolas to, are painted his arms, or rather his supporters, the shield having been effaced. I have not fallen in with any one who could tell me anything about him, nor am I very anxious to push my enquiries, as I am sure to hear nothing but what is bad.'

'Salzburg, August 20, 1831.

'My last letter was put into the Post at Laibach, as I was unluckily too late to dispatch it from Trieste. We left the latter place yesterday week, before I set out (tell my Father) I had the satisfaction of being introduced to Lord Byron's friend Mr Barry of Genoa,

who has lately come to reside at Trieste. As soon as I heard his name I exerted myself to find him out, Mr Pillans who is an acquaintance took me to his house, he was in bed, unwell, but got up on hearing my name, but on this account I was obliged to curtail my visit. He was very civil, showed me some of Byron's letters and papers, among them one written by poor Byron in Fletcher's name giving a ludicrous account of his own death—addressed to Hobhouse as being one of his *executioners* describes his master's patience on his death bed, he only d—d his friends once or twice, and wished that Kinnaird's Play might be d'd as well as himself. Barry has I believe the last letter B^{n}. ever wrote dated April 9, also a miniature taken at Genoa—in which he is represented thin and wan looking, wearing a forage cap with a gold band, and a plaid (the Gordon) jacket. He seems a worthy but in no degree a literary man.'

'Munich, August 31, 1831.

'From Salzburg we took the Vienna road in order to reach the fall of the Traun, which Sir H. Davy has already brought into notice in England. We found the road crowded with people hastening from Vienna, evidently in alarm for the Cholera, which at one time was supposed to have actually made its appearance in that city, several persons having died suddenly and of very suspicious cholics. The retreat of the Imperial family to Schönbrunn also probably strengthened the report, though I believe it was unfounded. The terror of the disease is spreading through Germany. Within these few days a cordon has been established on the Bavarian border, and had we been at Vienna we should certainly not have been allowed to pass through it. The Aust^{n}. Gov^{t}. in their paternal care for the people have published a paper of advice, recommending frequency of ablutions both of person and habitation, and to abstain from butter, old cheese, green apples and things sour. I suppose there have been nearly a 100

different brochures published respecting this Pestilence. Remedies of all sorts have been put forth, one of which is no other than Dr Sangrado's, viz. pure water, and not a few are collections of prayers for the aversion of the calamity. Those which are good are almost entirely indebted to English publications for their matter. The experience of German physicians confirms the notion of its being epidemic (conveyed by the air) and no cordon however strong has as yet stood against it. Its ravages in Hungary are said to be terrible, the peasants there are neither clean nor well fed, they are very closely packed in their houses—and generally there is no more than one medical man to attend to a population of 8 or 10,000.'

'Munich, Octr. 1, 1831.

'I have been as I promised in my last letter working tolerably hard at German and Italian, it is rather of advantage to have a companion to second me in my studies. Our master cannot speak a word of English so that we have some exercise also for our French. We went with Mr Anderson in his carriage to visit one of the royal Palaces called Nymphenberg near this. The palace itself is insignificant but it has fine gardens. In them are preserved two live beavers which were caught in the Isar and Danube. These animals are very rarely found in Europe, indeed the species is almost extinct, except that individuals are now and then found in the neighbourhood of this river and in one part of the Elbe. In the neighbouring park are a great many white deer, a curiosity which is not often seen elsewhere.

'Within the last fortnight Munich has been gradually filling with refugees flying before the Cholera. Though the information respecting Vienna in my last was correct yet it appears a wonderful change took place two days afterwards. After a remarkable storm of rain which lasted 48 hours with great

violence, the cholera which to all appearance had been smothered burst forth with great fury. The newspapers will inform you of a number of deaths, which however considering the population is not very great. It has not yet made much progress on its way hither, and probably will not arrive here before Xmas. Among illustrious refugees, are the Vienna Baron Rothschild—who seems to take great care of himself, never going out, even in the hot weather which we have at present without his greatcoat. He has got two apartments next ours which have been furnished expressly for him—but he is evidently prepared to cut and run on the first alarm. The Hotel was thrown into great confusion last week by the announcement that a Polish nobleman with a family and train of 30 persons was to arrive on a stated day. At the appointed time they made their appearance in the town. Landaus with imperials above and coffers below —lacqueys behind and before, barouches, britskas and chaises — a complete caravan dislodged from their quarters in an Austrian bathing place by this formidable foe. It is said that Prince Metternich's family is expected.

'Augsburg, Octr. 10, 1831.

'The delay and detention occasioned by this alteration of our plans though sufficiently provoking, had this advantage that it enabled us to be present at the celebration of a great ceremonial, called the Peoples Festival (Folks Fest). It was established by the present King of Bavaria. The ostensible object is the improvement of Agriculture and the breeding of animals. But it is converted into a very pretty show. All the population of Munich and thousands from all parts of the country assemble in a large meadow outside the town. In the midst of a very conspicuous position is a large open tent—for the King himself, the Royal Family and the Foreign Ambassadors. The arrival of their

equipages on the Course (for a race forms one of the entertainments of the day) with all the glitter of splendid Uniforms, rich carriages, fine horses, with Lacqueys and Jägers bedizened with gold lace is very imposing. Last of all the King himself makes his appearance, escorted by the cavalry of the Burgher Guard of the city of Munich (among whom by the bye we discovered our Italian master). His arrival was greeted by the military bands—who struck up to our no small surprise, "God save the King." The inimitable air is as well known here as with us and has become the *National* Melody—and in Prussia, Austria, Bavaria and probably in others of the German States.

'Now came the distribution of Prizes, which were given out by the King himself, first of all to the owners of horses, then for Cows, Oxen and other. Most of the people who obtained them were common peasants or Farmers who had brought up their beasts to the capital, many coming from long distances. As each person's name was called, the beast and the owner were introduced in front of the royal stand. The rudeness of their appearance and the drollery of their primitive costume contrasted singularly with the glitter of uniforms, courtly, Military and Diplomatic which thronged the Royal Stand. Many of the farmers brought their wives and daughters with them to conduct the beasts —and now and then an amusing scene took place when the beast not being aware of the honour which it was about to receive in being introduced into the presence of royalty turned restive and made its escape after perhaps upsetting or putting to flight its conductor. The King appears a very amiable and good man, and is very much beloved. The people, even the common rustics, seem to approach him without any of that awe which usually accompanies sovereigns. He had a kind word to say to everybody, taking by the hand or jogging on the elbow, even the dirtiest of those who were presented to him. A race concluded the day's

amusement. The whole concern both as regards horses and Jockeys was ludicrous when compared with what we see in our own country. Nevertheless it was amusing, the beasts about 20 in number were sorry jades, and the riders dirty rascals. They were put on without stirrups or saddles then collected behind two folding doors extending all across the course, at a given signal the gates were opened and out rushed the racers.'

1833

'Liége, Novr. 6, 1833.

'On the evening of the day above mentioned I left Vienna in the Eilwagen and I assure you it was with great regret that I took a last look of the majestic pile of St Stephens and its beautiful gothic spire dimly lighted up by the moonlight. Among my companions was one who pleased me very much, a capt. of Engineers a Hungarian, a very well informed gentlemanly person who unluckily went no further than Lintz—among the rest were two cadets, quite young soldiers, going to join their regiment at Mentz. It took us till the next morning to reach Möck, a grand monastery and one of the richest now remaining in Austria. It is a fine building, on a height overlooking the Danube and not very far from the old ruined Castle, where our Richard Cœur de Lion was kept prisoner, and guarded as it is said by armed soldiers with drawn swords who never let him out of their sight day or night. I made a scampering visit to the Monastery while the passengers stopped to breakfast, and at night—by moonlight a similarly rapid survey of the town of Lintz—which is finely situated on the Danube. It is moreover remarkable for the new species of Fortifications which are at present in progress or nearly finished. They consist of towers, 32 in number, which surround the place, being built at regular distances from each other, and nearly sunk up to their necks in the earth, leaving only a circlet beset with cannon visible above ground. Their

superiority over the ordinary defences seems problematical at any rate it has not yet been put to the test Early next morning we crossed the frontier of Bavaria which in this part appears a dull country, previous to reaching Passau—the situation of which town at the junction of the Inn with the Danube hemmed in by commanding heights is remarkable.

'You will imagine what are the disagrémens of travelling in this part of the Continent when I tell you that among other things the coach constantly stops in the middle of the night or even in the morning at a place where it is met by a cross coach coming from a different quarter, and in consequence of the irregularity of travelling stops at this inconvenient time for two or 3 hours. This happened to us at Ratisbon—here the coach arrived at about ½ past 3 in the morning—our slumbers were all broken and we were turned out into the room of the dreary Inn to wait till 7. It was useless to think of going to bed and absurd to go out in the dark—so I awaited the approach of day in a sort of half doze. Just because it was wanted the sun delayed his appearance for about an hour longer than usual, and when he did appear did little good owing to the thick mist which lay heavily over the town, and reminded me almost of a London fog. I groped my way in the dark to the old Cathedral where the priest was mumbling matins to a few old women, over several of whom I stumbled in the dark. The uncertain light of a few tapers aided by the approaching dawn, enabled me to form some notion of the grandeur of the building, and also to examine the exterior of the old town house which is only remarkable for being in former days the meeting house of the German Diet.'

In 1836 he made his longest journey, down the Danube past the Iron Gate and to the borders of Turkey and Wallachia, but I can find no letters of this year.

In 1837 he travelled with his two sisters and his cousin Murray Holland, afterwards a Fellow of New College, Oxford, up the Rhine through Switzerland, and across the Alps into Italy.

'Charleroi, Augt. 9th, 1837.

'On Sunday we dined at Dunkirk and reached Ypres just before dark, passing through a rich and fertile country for the latter part of the way. At Ypres we were up at 7 to see the Town hall an immense building with a tower in the centre from which I think Barry has caught the general idea of his House of Commons. Adjoining it is a rather fine Cathedral where Murray was gratified by hearing Mass performed with some very fine music, and amused by the sight of various votive offerings modelled rudely in wax as gifts to the virgin—such as a whole bunch of teeth, which had probably been relieved from ache by the supposed interposition of some saints, and two or 3 pigs also rescued from illness or misfortune. Travelling in Belgium is rendered particularly fatiguing especially for ladies by the roads being paved—which shake the carriage and jolt the passengers terribly. To them I believe we must attribute it that on our 2nd days journey after going about 10 miles in all, I received the agreeable intelligence that one of our spokes had started—and had broken short at the felloe. Luckily this occurred in a large town, Courtrai, where I intended to have stopped at any rate a short while, and being told that the repair of the wheel would occupy 3 hours I determined to see the sights and dine. We saw two Churches, one containing a fine painting by Vandyk The Raising of the Cross—and two very curious old carved chimney pieces in the H. de Ville. While viewing the latter I enquired of the attendant after two young men, sons of the

Burgomaster of the town who had been my companions for a short while last year. He said they were at home and insisted on going for them rather against my inclination, they accordingly came in consequence with their tutor an Irishman, and at once recognized me. They invited us to go home and see the Burgomaster which I refused for some time until they said we ought to see some of the linen manufactured at Courtrai, and that their father who was a wholesale dealer in it would show us some. We accordingly all went and were introduced to the Burgomaster and his daughter, rather a nice girl—in a well-furnished house—who seemed by no means above the shop—as they took us into it and showed us a sample of linen which my sisters say was finer than they had seen in England. I had been much pleased with the two lads and I now left them my name and address begging them to visit me when they travelled to England and extending my invitation to the Burgomaster and his daughter. He said he had been bred in the fear of God and in the hatred of the English—under the government of Napoleon—but acknowledged that all such feelings had disappeared. The Burgomaster had finished his dinner and ours was waiting for us—so our visit was short—but pleasant. Our wheel was restored at the appointed time when our dinner was over and we reached Tournay in time to explore its very beautiful and interesting Cathedral—from the sight of which all our party seemed to derive great gratification. Murray though a great amateur of Cathedrals and Churches seemed chiefly taken with the priest's robes—one set of which of crimson velvet embroidered in gold cost 65,000 fr. The arches and pillars around the choir are among the most elegant I have seen. It suffered severely at the revolution but must still have some wealth left. We put up at a very comfortable inn at Tournay newly fitted up.'

'Lucerne, Aug. 31, 1837.

'I went to Neuchatel for the purpose of talking over with Prof. Agassiz, the "Journal of a Swiss Naturalist," which you know I suggested to him he should undertake. In consequence of the especial manner in which I impressed upon him in writing the necessity of adopting a popular style he has taken in hand to deliver lectures to the boys of the public school of Neuchatel—between 7 and 8 years of age,—in various branches of Nat. Hist. to try his hand as it were. He besides gives popular lectures to the people of the town and is spreading a taste for Nat. Histy. widely among them. He took me up the hill behind the town (a member of the Jura range) and gave me a very instructive lecture on the singular isolated blocks of granite which have been transported to them no one knows how from the Alps, and there is no rock of the same kind nearer than the Alps as the distance must be 150 miles. One of these stones is as big as a house—measuring 63 ft. by 48. Mrs Latrobe is well, staying with her brother a few miles out of the town. Agassiz is really a first rate person in talent, and is in a situation at present which impels him to work like a horse. He gave me some valuable hints about a Dictionary of Natural History—a subject he has thought much on, and he would be a most valuable assistant in such a work. He would also be a capital Swiss correspondent for a Magazine. He is going to send me a sample of his journal, and the MS of his Lectures on Geology to see if you can do any thing with them.'

'Genève, Sept'. 12/37.

'It then agreed between us (Dr and Mrs Vrolich) that we should meet next day at a little Inn at the foot of the Rigi when I introduced my sisters who were as pleased with her as I was. Dinner over by 2 o'clock our horses and guides having been summoned previously we set out a long cavalcade, Dr and

Mrs V. and my two sisters on horseback, Murray and I on foot with Alp poles to assist us. M. tried very hard to have a horse but I wished him in the present instance to imitate my example and use his legs. We accomplished the journey which is a very toilsome one, the path being very steep in 3½ hours and reached the top before sunset. We had a very tolerable view—but only a part of the distant Chains of Alps were free from clouds. We all retired to bed early, and were as is usual awakened before sunrise by the notes of the long wooden Alpine horn, out of which the Swiss shepherds extract music. The sun however rose grim and behind clouds—and a large portion of the landscape was enveloped in mist. Still we contrived in ascending and descending, or on the summit to see at different times nearly the whole Panorama. I am sorry to say we left Mrs Vrolich on the summit very unwell, and I could get no tidings of them afterwards to ascertain that she was better. We descended the Mountain by a different path—and committed ourselves to a boat at the foot of the Mountain, visited the most beautiful Uri bay of the Lake of Lucerne—and William Tell's Chapel and meeting our carriage at Brunnen reached our comfortable quarters at Lucerne late the same night.' . . .

'I am glad you like Southern Germany—*to the best of my belief I have not borrowed one sentence from any English author, nor intentionally from any foreign one, the facts of course in most cases are from books but I have seldom contented myself* with a single authority in matters which I have not personally ascertained for myself. The descriptions are chiefly taken from my note books—some of them are enclosed in brackets with MS Journal at the end. I must confess I do not like the alteration of the colour of Handbook for S. G. I think the green was important to enable people to distinguish one from the other—besides *if* the one be called Murray's red book why may not this be called

M's green book—Will you consider this? I suppose few more copies of Vol. 1 will be required this season. I can have the new Ed[n] ready for next, but there are one or two districts in North Germany and Holland which I would gladly visit before sending it again to press.'

1838

'Newcastle, Augt. 25, 1838.

'After a very agreeable journey with my friend Allen [Thomson] I reached this place on Friday morning. The outset of our journey was not felicitous, we reached the Railroad station in good time, a little after 7, but found to our dismay every place to Birmingham taken. There was no resource but to wait two hours and start at 9½. I do not think in the end that we lost anything by the delay except that we were just two hours later in reaching our destination Warrington where we arrived about 12½ at night after a series of transfers into 7 different vehicles. Much as we hear and read of Railroads it is difficult to form a true notion of their magnitude and influence until you have made as long a course upon them as I have just done, and find them already ramifying into the remotest corner of the country. Next month the line will be open from Liverpool to Preston, and it is already far advanced thence to Lancaster. One of the coachmen who drove us 50 miles told me he had already been driven off four roads in succession by railways. From Warrington to Carlisle by Mail took us 10½ hours good driving. We had a cold ride over the high and steep Mountain of Shap Fells, the heaviest stage in all England as our driver termed it, a passage of the Alps in miniature, which for some years to come will bid defiance to the passage of all railroads. From Carlisle to Newcastle a distance of 60 miles, steam took us in 4 hours, a delightful ride, first over charming wooded dells and heights,

and then down Tynedale, close to the margin of the river Tyne.

'Torrie and Copland we found quite well; they had at length given us up and discharged the room engaged for me. They were absent on our arrival on a sort of Geological expedition to the mouth of the Tyne with a section of the Association headed by Sedgwick, and did not return till the afternoon. Allen Thomson and I after securing our tickets as members repaired to the different sections which interested us most; one of the first persons I saw was Sir George Back presiding over the Geographical Section—he is staying with some friend of Wheatstone's a Mr Akenhead (a retired bookseller I believe) and at his instigation I am invited to dine with Mrs A. to-morrow—at a sort of evening Conversazione. In the Assembly rooms I found a great number of familiar faces. Murchison, Miss Waitman, Jerdan, Brewster, Wheatstone, Grey of the Brit. Mus. Ehrenberg a distinguished naturalist from Berlin and friend of Humboldt who has discovered that certain stones as opal flint etc. are made up of animalculæ immured in rock; to-day I have seen Buckland, Greenough, Lyell, Wilkie, Yates, Knight, Whewell, and a host of others. I have just returned from the concluding assemblage of the Members. The meeting has been a very full one and has gone off well though no very transcendent papers have been brought forward. The tranquillity of the meeting a little disturbed by Babbage who smarting with soreness from the affair of Murchison's appointing him president and afterwards Herschel, has been very bitter, uttering I am told a most offensive tirade against the British aristocracy at a committee meeting at which the Duke of Northumberland was present, and then resigning his office in the society not because his speech was attacked or opposed, but because every one seeing the fault he had committed passed it over and took no notice of it. Neither he nor Herschel is to preside, the latter having

refused the office when he heard the circumstance, but Vernon Harcourt the Archbishop of York's son. I called to-day for Mr Wilson, he was out, but I met him and find that he is the little man whom I know and have dined with in London, not, as I supposed another brother. He is the short man, is domiciled in London and only on a visit here. He asked me to dinner to-day and to-morrow, but I am engaged both days. We are to go together in company with Torrie and Copland to the Anniversary dinner of the Nat[l] Hist[y] Soci[y] of this place to be held on Monday. To-day Thomson Torrie Copland and I dined at the Ordinary, where Maltby the Bp of Durham presided and made as foolish a speech as I ever heard. The D. of Northumberland—the actual president—was laid up with the gout. Besides large donations he feasted the society consisting of 700 members on Thursday with Turtle from Liverpool.

'I have not yet said a word about Newcastle itself, though with it I, in common with every one else am astonished. It has become all on a sudden one of the finest, if not the finest provincial town in England, boasting of a quarter consisting of numerous streets as grand as Regent Street, and the new Strand, but built of beautiful wrought freestone instead of plastered brick, with the largest and most magnificent Market in the world, far superior to that of Liverpool, an Exchange, a Music Hall and Theatre which though not of blameless architecture are at least highly creditable. The most wonderful part of it however is that the whole has been planned and executed in 3 years, since I was last here, so that it really has the effect of magic to me. Add to this it is the work of one individual named Grainger a carpenter's apprentice, who without friends, interest or money has affected this Aladdin like exploit. Upon the strength of his credit and talents he has borrowed money, bought the land covered it with first class houses, better than the

best in Regent Street and is likely I am told to realize a large fortune. At the termination of the principal street stands a pillar surmounted with a statue of Lord Grey which was raised the night before last and uncovered yesterday amid the salvoes of 2 cannon, and the applause of half a dozen mason's apprentices. The town has been exceedingly full. We could get no beds in the large new Inn called Turk's Head and put up with a private room at a distance for which we pay 6/- a night. I went yesterday with Allen T. to see the celebrated Mr Stephenson the Engineers Manufactory of locomotive engines which is highly interesting and curious and like other manufacturing establishments has been liberally thrown open to the Association. There is besides an excellent museum and library to which we have free access. I will correct the Index to Swiss Handbook and will return it per coach. Robert says you still have a hankering after the red cover—now I really do particularly wish the blue to be tried—because I do not think that the colour of the book will have the least effect upon its success, and a variation in colour to distinguish the one book from the other appears to me desirable, and other persons among them Black the bookseller have expressed the same. I shall be very sorry indeed if it is not blue, and disappointed if Murray's blue book is not asked for as well as Murray's red book.

'I find Torrie has every disposition to make a short excursion with me of ten days, or a fortnight's duration. Allen Thomson leaves this on Monday—on his way to Edinburgh to be married. The lady is a Miss Hill sister to his brother's wife and it is an attachment of 10 years. I should rather like to be present and it is not improbable Torrie and I may run down by the mail and back next day—from Copland's house Blackwood near Dumfries, where I am invited to spend a day or two—Copland himself is prevented leaving home even for our short excursions. T. and C. are going to visit

a friend near Morpeth for 2 or 3 days, during that time I shall make some short excursions round the border and meet them probably at Carlisle whither, for the present you may address my letters.'

1841

'Bourges (dép^t, Indre), Thursday, Aug. 12, 1841.

'I will endeavour to give you an account of my proceedings during the past week. The voyage up the Loire, from Nantes, in a small steamer, is a little tedious—the river itself very turbulent, and, like the nation, revolutionary, changing its bed, and shifting its sand and gravel from month to month; has too much water in winter and too little in summer; at the one season a pest, at the other a nuisance. Its banks on the whole are flat, and want variety, though there are one or two interesting points, vineclad hills, &c.

'The most interesting spot below Angers, in an historical point of view, is that, where the Vendean army crossed with their wives and families in dismay and retreat before the forces of Revolutionary France, under the guidance of their General Bonchamps, at that time mortally wounded. The Vendeans had then in their power about 3000 prisoners, shut up in a church, and in the state of excitement and alarm, and irritation against their pursuers, they were on the point of massacring them, when the brave Bonchamps, with his dying breath, pronounced and enforced the generous sentence, "Grace aux prisonniers!" and by his influence and position alone they escaped. At the Restoration a monument was set up to him on the hill overlooking the spot where the river was passed, where it still stands; but (would you think it!) doomed to support the hateful tri-coloured flag—the ensign of those very foes whom Bonchamps spared.

'Angers, where my journey ended, is a very antique

town, and pleased me much—though modern improvements, quais and houses looking like band-boxes from their whiteness and newness, are destroying in part its original character. Besides a cathedral full of painted glass, here is one of the sternest, loftiest, largest, and best preserved castles I ever saw. Its seventeen towers, built of slate and layers of white stone, which make them look as though hooped round, rise eighty feet above the river, separated by a yawning fosse from the rest of the town. They show you within it, the remains of the Palace where good king René (see Quentin Durward), father of Margaret of Anjou, was born, and in the Devil's Tower, the *oubliettes* down which prisoners were cast. Here also, beside the castle, is the old Military Academy, now degraded to a barrack, and its curious carvings of horses, coats-of-arms, &c., defaced, where the Duke of Wellington was educated.

'From Angers I travelled by land; it lies on a tributary of the Loire, but I soon came on the prettiest part of that river, near Saumur, passing upon the top of a lofty Dike, extending as far as Orleans, raised long ago, to repress the river. Acacia hedges, vines, and walnut-trees, with orchards and rich crops of corn, cover the country. Saumur also has a castle, which, together with its houses, are white; while the general character of Angers is black, so it makes a pleasing, and smiling contrast. Near this I saw one of the most curious Druidical remains in France: a hut or house, formed of huge blocks of unhewn stone, placed upright to form the walls, with others laid flat above, for the roof, just as you would make a house of cards. Each story is of dimensions enormous, the largest twenty-four feet by twenty-one, and the length of the cot more than eighty feet.

'I turned aside to Fontevrault, memorable as the burial-place of our Kings, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and his father Henry II. The vast church in which they

lie, situated in a quiet valley, was, as usual, pillaged and ransacked at the Revolution; and these statues, interesting as portraits, were torn from their tombs, and broken; they are now placed in a dark corner, with mutilated visages and broken noses, enclosed by bolts and bars and *grilles*, for the church has been converted into a prison, which is much to be deplored.

'After I had come a considerable distance in a cab, hired *exprès*, the pert jailor's daughter (hang her!) was very nearly causing me to be turned away, with the gate shut in my face, because the Minister of the Interior had lately published an ordinance, prohibiting visitors entering prisons; but by perseverance and explaining that I did not care a fig for the prisoners, but only for the chapel, I won my way.

'My day's journey ended at Chinon, a little town on the river Vienne, with a castle of enormous extent, now one vast heap of ruins, but originally the favourite residence of our early kings, Henry II. and Richard I., who held it as counts of Anjou, and afterwards of the kings of France. It stands on a most commanding platform of rock, divided into three parts, by very deep fosses, cut in the rock. In one pile of crumbling roofless walls, where the position of once stately rooms, without number, is shown by broken chimneys and windows, tradition has recorded, that Joan of Arc was first introduced to Charles VII., and distinguishing him, from among his courtiers, led him to the recess in the thickness of the wall, apart from the rest, where she revealed to him, things, which the chroniclers say, convinced him of her mission from Heaven. Here are many dungeon towers, in which the Grand Master of the Templars, Jacques de Molay, that chief of the Order, may have lingered; and from another tower, ran a secret passage, by which Charles VII. visited his mistress, Agnes Sorel, in the house, which he had built for her, outside the walls.

'At Tours I was in the land of Quentin Durward,

and one of my first proceedings, was to visit the house of Tristan l'Heremite, the hangman of Louis XI., in one of its narrow streets. It is a curious building, certainly, of that time; but I believe, the chief authority, for attributing it, to that personage, is, that along its brick walls, among the ornaments of its windows and doors, runs a rope, well carved, twisted, at intervals, into a very pretty knot, remarkably like the noose of a halter. I climbed up to the top, of, its turret stair, which, rising above the neighbouring houses, curiously enough, commands a view of Louis XI.'s residence, Plessis-les-tours. To that ill-omened house of horror, of bigotry, and wickedness, I next walked; all its fosses and walls, watch-towers and pitfalls, so well described by Sir Walter, have disappeared under the plough, and the Castle itself (a very small fragment of which, only remains, converted into a dwelling, and with a tower stair at one corner), so far from possessing either the picturesque, or frowning aspect of a castle, is a mean red brick house with a tiled roof nearly as high as its walls, and large sash windows, groined with stone. Yet, this was the style of building, at the period, partly corresponding with that, of Hampton Court. However, at the end of the garden, I was shown one vaulted dungeon, in which, the lady of the house, told me, was Cardinal Balue's prison; and her little daughter, conducted me, to a neighbouring cottage, where, in an outhouse, lumbered with empty casks, I discovered, a small vaulted chapel, where, doubtless, Louis, used to say some of his numerous prayers. To give an idea of his religious notions, here is a specimen I lately met with. I do not think it is mentioned in the novel; it is written from Plessis, to the prior of a distant church:—"Maître Pierre, mon ami, je vous prie, comme je puis, que vous priez incessamment, Dieu, et Notre Dame de Sales, que leur plaisir soit, de m'envoyer la fièvre quarte, car, j'ai une maladie, dont les physiciens disent, que je ne puis guérir sans

l'avoir ; et quand je l'aurai, je vous le ferai savoir, incontinent." He probably had his wish, for a little while after, he writes, to beg the prior, will pray our Lady of Sales "qu'elle me donne guérison parfaite."

'I am afraid, I shall weary you with old castles, for I have a great many more on my list, which I have visited—all, to my mind, of greater or less interest, picturesquely and historically. And next, Amboise, another residence, of French kings, now the property of Louis-Philippe, who is altering and improving it, and rendering it habitable, piercing the wall of rock, on which it stands, through and through, with a tunnel, in order to give easier entrance. The mode of access to the castle, was by two huge round towers, one in front, and the other behind, ninety feet high and forty-two wide, containing not a stair, but a winding inclined plane, up which, horses or carriages, may drive to the top. One of these is now stopped, but the other is perfect. They were built, together with most part of the existing castle, by Charles VIII., who was born, and died here. He, and his Queen, Anne of Brittany, added an exquisitely beautiful chapel, covered inside with stone-work of a richness and delicacy that can be compared only to lace, or carvings in ivory—delicacy in the manipulation, though not in the subjects. It has all the richness, without the arrangement of Henry VII.'s Chapel. There are fearful associations connected with this castle, of the ill-devised "conjuration d'Amboise," set on foot to rescue from the hands of the Guises, who held him enthralled, the boy-king, Francis II. One thousand two hundred Protestants, who did take, or were to have taken part in it, were hanged round the walls, or in the streets, or drowned in the Loire, during this prelude to the massacre of St. Bartholomew ; but whitewash, and papered walls, and cast-off furniture from the Palais Royal, sent hither when the Duc d'Orléans refurnished his house, to receive his wife, have destroyed the character of the building ; and a range of

low and once dark vaults, which might have passed for dungeons, oubliettes, &c., have by the present king, been turned into kitchens, pantries, cellars, &c., and illumined by the glare of broad day, let in, through apertures, as big as port-holes in a battery.

'I passed hence, to visit an old-fashioned château, Chenonceaux, which has nearly as many *souvenirs* about it, but not of so disagreeable a kind. It was built in the more joyous days of Francis the First. Its picturesque towers and bridged moat, though still preserving the shape of a castle, were not meant for defence; and its front, is covered over with the graceful and delicate Italian ornaments, which are seen at Longleat, Audley End, and in works of Inigo Jones. It stands on the river Cher: literally *on*, for it is built upon a bridge, and the river passes under it. At a distance, most picturesque, with its green court, stables, single advanced round tower, occupied by the *concièrge*, and pretty formal gardens around; it is within, almost unaltered, since the day it was built, besides being well, and carefully kept up, retaining all its old furniture—a vaulted hall hung with armour, walls covered with stamped cloth, doors, screened by tapestry, curtains, which draw aside, rich ceilings of blue ground studded with stars, old cabinets, old china and glass—the very glass out of which Francis I. drank; Mary Queen of Scots' mirror, &c. But its chief interest, depends on the persons who have lived in it. It was given, by Henry II. to his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, who enlarged it, by extending the bridge, constructed over only part of the river, quite to the other side, and raising upon it, a handsome, but less quaint and interesting building, of two stories. She was, however, dispossessed of her fair mansion, on the death of Henry, by the wicked and unscrupulous Catherine de Medicis, whose bedroom, with the original furniture, you are still shown. Here again, near the end of the last century, by a curious coincidence, were collected all the wits of the time,

drawn together, by the owner of the mansion, Madame Dupin, a beautiful, amiable, and accomplished lady, who died so recently as 1799, at the age of 93. In her time, Voltaire, Bolingbroke, (the exiled minister), Rousseau, and many others, were her constant visitors; and in the little dusty faded theatre, which occupies the end of Diana's Gallery, Rousseau's opera, "Le Devin du Village," was, for the first time performed. There is a very curious collection of historical portraits, including all the persons, who have lived here; among them, a whole-length of Diana, in the costume of her namesake, the Goddess, with a dog in a leash, a bow at her back, and wearing a taffeta petticoat, embroidered in gold fleurs-de-lys. The most remarkable thing, about Chenonceaux, perhaps, is, that it escaped the ravages of the Revolution; owing solely, I believe, to the respect which the character of its mistress commanded.

'It is curious, that in this beautiful and interesting land, of Touraine, the deservedly chosen resort of the monarchs of France, of whom Charles VII. built Chinon and Loches, Louis XI. Plessis, Charles VIII. Amboise, Louis XII. Blois, Francis I. Chambord, until Louis XIV. set himself down in the marsh and made Paris, the concentration of France, by fixing his residence so near it, women, should have played, so remarkable a part: Diane de Poitiers, Catherine de Medicis, Agnès Sorel, and Jeanne d'Arc—ladies partly of ambiguous character, it must be confessed. But now I come to one of them, who is a great favourite with me, Agnès Sorel. At Loches, another vast royal castle, all in ruins, I saw her tomb—turned out of the church, by the ungrateful monks, whom she had enriched while living, her effigy, reclining on its back with hands uplifted in prayer, lies in a tower of the castle, upon a tomb of black marble. Two little angels, bend over her head, spreading out their wings, as though to protect her, and two lambs recline, at her feet. She is gracefully dressed: a small circlet, set with pearls, surrounds her forehead; and a face,

more sweet, amiable, and modest, with almost, the elevated character of a Madonna, of Raphael, I scarcely ever saw. She deserves some gratitude from the French. Agnes, and Joan, saved their country from the English; Agnes, by rousing the energies of a previously torpid monarch, and stimulating him, to become the leader of his armies.'

'Bayonne, August 28, 1841.

'My companion and I, have just returned from making a dash into Spain! This will probably surprise you, as I gave you no previous notice, but the scheme was of my suggesting; I did not know whether Torrie, would like it: he, however, was nothing loth, and I am happy to say, the expedition has turned out successfully, and afforded both of us much pleasure.

'As the inducements to the journey, besides that of having a glimpse of a country and people entirely new to us, I may mention my desire to explore the farthest roots of the Pyrenees, on the west, where they push themselves into the sea; and to visit the extreme south-west country of France, a district not yet Trollopized, and indeed scarcely described by any English travellers, but interesting as being the country of the Basques. I had also some curiosity to see the effects which war, leaves upon a country—the frontier of Spain, bordering on France, being, as you know, the battle-field of the late war, between Carlist and Christino; and I return, blessing the happy star, which exempts our little island, from the horrors of such a scourge. The sight of it, would do good to Joseph Hume, and all such, as vote against our army and navy estimates, which (under Providence) have the effect of keeping all enemies, at a distance from our doors.

'We quitted this place (where there is little to be seen, except the Adour river, which the Duke of Wellington's army crossed, a mile below the town, just out of reach of the guns of the citadel, one of the

strongest in France) yesterday morning, on the top of a diligence, which runs from this, to St Sebastian, established within the last eight months; all communication having been stopped, while the war lasted. The little river Bidassoa, which the Duke of Wellington crossed, also, in his triumphant entrance into France, from Spain, driving Marshal Soult before him, divides the two countries. A little below the bridge, is an earth bank tufted with grass, a mere strip of ground, on which one or two cows were feeding, called Ile des Faisans, memorable because upon it, as a piece of neutral ground, Cardinal Mazarin, and the Spanish general, Haro, negotiated the marriage of Louis XIV. A pavilion was erected in the centre, and approaches were made on both sides, by bridges, for the ambassadors, and their suites to meet. Inundations, have carried off a large part of the isle, which has also been cut, and pared by the peasants, in order to lay the earth on their fields, so that in a few years probably it will not exist. Scarcely had we passed beyond the fortified house, flanked with loop-holes and trussed, by enormous stone buttresses, at the end of the bridge, forming the Spanish custom-house, and guarded by soldiers of that country, who in their blue uniforms and white duck-trousers and gaiters, look neater than the French, than we began to see traces of the war in ruined houses; and on the approach to Irun, the first village about two miles off, we passed a large house of rude masonry by the road-side, the lower windows of which, were built up with stones, so as to leave only a narrow loop-hole in the middle, to fire through. It formed a fore-post, for General Evans, who finally succeeded in taking Irun. Some, of the most conspicuously-placed houses in Irun, are literally peppered and pocked from top to bottom, with shot-marks, while in others the damage is concealed, by a coat of whitewash, serving, as a Spanish cloak, often does, to conceal rags, and rents, below it. By throwing a wall up, about the houses, the Spaniards

converted this, and other naturally harmless villages, into a fortress, which stood many sieges. The wall, is not higher, or much thicker than a garden-wall; but then, at every yard it is pierced, with a loop-hole to fire through—an arrangement well suited to Spanish taste; and small, and very narrow gates, were built at the end of the principal streets.

'In passing from one country, into another, you always find the dresses, language, houses, customs, &c. of the two people, by a gradual transition, approach one another: this was here, also the case; but still I could hardly have anticipated, the total change that ensues, the instant you set foot on the Spanish frontier, even though the dress of the peasants—a blue bonnet, exactly like that of the Scottish shepherds, a red sash round the middle, and sandals of twisted hemp, which unravels in wet weather—are the same; and the people are Basques, speaking the same language, unlike any other on the globe, on both sides of the frontier. The country, assumes a rugged, shaggy, untrodden aspect, a greater part of the hills covered with bushes, brambles, fern, or heath, giving it a scrubby appearance, with portions of ground—larger and more numerous low down, than high up—cleared for culture, and covered with rich crops of broad-leaved gigantic maize, which appears almost the only object of cultivation.

'The high-road in France, always straight, and three times as broad as necessary, is here narrow and very winding. You meet on it, scarce any vehicle, except the rude country cart, drawn by a pair of oxen, wearing ox-cloths to shield them from the flies, and moving upon two round discs of board—not on spokes, which very often, from want of grease, announces its approach by the most horrid squeaking you can imagine—sourness 'long drawn out;" a noise between the braying of a mule and the mewing of a cat. We also passed several trains of mules, attended by the arriero, or muleteer, fastened together, and well packed; there were also

trains of asses, generally guided by women, some walking some riding, among whom one might readily have found the type of Dulcinea. The Spanish female peasants, carry all burdens on their heads—baskets, water-jars, resembling huge tea-pots with spout and handle; and from this habit of balancing themselves, derive their graceful carriage.

'The postilions who drove us had, in one or two instances, been out with Don Carlos; one still wore the military great-coat, bearing C. V. buttons, now turned into a box-coat. They urge on their horses, and mules —for both occur mixed in one team—by calling each, by its name, and scolding them with volleys of Spanish oaths, quite different from, and twice as bad, as the French. To complete the contrast, and fully assure us we were in Spain, we had not advanced eight miles, before out started, from among a party of peasants assembled, by the roadside, on the approach of our conveyance, a pair of wild-looking but athletic, fellows, in blue caps and blouses, with heavy guns slung behind their backs, and ran by the roadside, for a whole stage, keeping up with the horses. These were Miquellatos, or police-officers, appointed to escort and protect us from robbers, as in the present state of the country, there are many wild fellows about, and the Zaragossa diligence, was robbed a few days ago, to a very large amount, taken from the different passengers. In our case there, appeared to be no risk of such an adventure; but really the country seems made for robbery and war—a very thieves' paradise. The houses great, heavy, square, flat-roofed buildings, with thick walls and small windows, are ready-made forts; every little window, commanding the road, looks like a loop-hole; and the country is so tossed about with hills, intersected with winding defiles, and valleys, having sudden turns, so scattered with mounds, and banks, and sprinkled with tufts, bushes, hedges, and bits of old walls—an ambuscade might be formed at every five yards.

'Irun, with its deserted Plaza de Isabel II. Reyna Constitucional, its narrow and gloomy streets, its houses, faced with wooden balconies, on two or three stories, often with rails of wood, like bannisters, in front, the roofs projecting their penthouses, so as nearly to touch, in the middle of the street, thus assisting to keep off the sun. The ground-floor is usually an empty space used as a hall of passage to the staircase, or lumber-room, but its windows are strongly barred; and over the door is often a coat-of-arms carved in stone, a relic of Spanish pride. Ladies, with mantillas, and fans, are seen gliding along the shady side, to mass, and gentlemen, in long cloaks, though the weather is hot to suffocation, the sky without a cloud. The churches, of which I entered one or two, were not very remarkable for size or architecture, but the altars are most splendid and gaudy; architectural façades of golden pillars, architraves, &c. serving as frames to mediocre pictures or bas-reliefs. The shops in these smaller towns, contain only the very commonest and coarsest articles, and the whole stock might generally go into a donkey's pannier.

'On our way from Irun, we had to cross a high pass; for though the name of Pyrenees, ceases at the western extremity of France, the mountain chain stretches onwards to the extremity of Gallicia, sending down numerous branches to the sea. On the ascent we had a fine view of the town of Fuentarabia, famed in romance; and after traversing the defiles and crossing the mountain summits, passing near a very remarkable, and picturesque rock of granite, called "The Four Crowns," we descended on the opposite side, into another valley, in which lies Hernani, another small town, near which, many battles occurred, and the Legion, sustained one most severe defeat, being surprised, and cut off by the Carlists, who occupied the pass behind, and before, as well as the sides of the mountains. The field now waves with a green sea, of most luxuriant maize.

'After toiling up a long and very steep ascent, we came in sight of St Sebastian—the Gibraltar of the north of Spain; a tall and rocky eminence, with a crown of embrazured walls bristling with cannon on its top, rising out of the sea, in the middle of a bay, which extends two hilly arms, on either side. A tongue of sand, along which the road is carried, joins the rock to the land, and at the end of the causeway, which every advancing tide contracts, in width, to a musket-shot, lies the small town, nestling under the tall rock, and also surrounded, by very strong and lofty fortifications. Its aspect, as you ascend the hill, towards the sea is very striking, but our attention was partly withdrawn from it, by the objects in the foreground. The whole slope of the bay towards the fortress, forming a curve of high hills five or six miles long, is sprinkled over with villages, farms, campagnes, convents; and, with the exception of one or two, which have been repaired or rebuilt in the last eighteen months, not one remains entire: the roofs smashed in, or entirely gone, the inside, gutted of every bit of timber, with heaps of stones, already grass-grown, lying, where once were the hearthstones and chambers; the windows empty, or built up into loop-holes; the outer walls scarified by shot, except where some cannon-ball, or shell, has gone clean through, leaving either a hole, or prostrating the wall entirely. Such is the aspect of the country within a radius of three miles from St Sebastian—such the consequences of war. These houses were good points for annoying the fortress, and were, on this account, occupied by the Carlists, in besieging it; and though dislodged by its cannon, sometimes buried under the ruins, always burning or gutting the habitation before they quitted it. The town itself is quite modern, since the capture by the Duke of Wellington, when it was reduced to a heap of ruins. Its streets, are all built at right angles, and all nearly alike; but it has one square, in the centre, with a piazza round it, where

promenaders, pace up, and down, in the cool of the evening.

'We climbed to the very summit of the fortress, and enjoyed one of the finest views, I have seen for some time. On the land side the bay, its fertile hillsides, now glowing with Indian corn—but melancholy from its ruins; and behind it, a noble semicircle of distant hills, peaks and ridges; filling the horizon to the north, the uninterrupted swell of the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic, with a strip of the coast of Biscay, and a glimpse of that of France. On this quiet solitary side of the rock, shut out from the noise and sight of the world, with nothing to intercept the silence, but the roar of the waves, dashing against its base, rest many of the poor fellows, Englishmen, who fell in the late unprofitable, inglorious, mercenary fights. One of them, Colonel Le Marchant, was an eminent officer. I did not fail to make our guide show us the spot where the British, during the Peninsular war, breached the ramparts and stormed the town, capturing it, from the French, after I know not how many months, of incessant attack, "toujours en avant," as the man said; very much to the astonishment of a young French traveller, who accompanied us, and had never heard of the French defeat, or chose not to remember the event. The Duke of Wellington's batteries, were erected on the shore of the bay opposite the fortress, whose very highest half-moon—a mile, I should think, in a direct line, and 250 feet above the sea—bears on its walls, to this day, the holes and dents of the well-directed fire. The British crossed the arm of the sea at low-water to occupy the breach.

'We walked to Passages, a singular spot, three miles distant on the coast; a sort of marine lake, separated from the sea by mountains, through which, however, nature has cut a passage, not more than a pistol-shot wide, by which large vessels can enter. It is a puzzle, on approaching it, to know how the access, to the sea

is gained. The high steep hills on each side of this mouth, are lined with houses forming the town; and there is so little space between the water and the sea that there are no streets, only narrow alleys, as at Venice. Here again has been war, and desolation, complete. Not half the houses are inhabited, the rest all *écrasées* by shot-shells—ruined, tottering, mere shells or heaps of stones. The Carlists, occupying the surrounding heights, poured down their hail of shot for months, until "ces diables d'Anglais," the sailors of Lord John Hay, and Royal Engineers, sent to assist Evans, not only scaled the high hill between the town and sea, but dragged cannon up its precipices, and built a fort on the top, which silenced all the Carlist annoyances. Next day we were again at Bayonne, delighted with our two days in Spain. It was quite worth while to go so far; but before penetrating farther into this country, one ought to be master of the language.'

'Barèges, Sept. 7, 1841.

'Pau, whence my last letter was despatched to you, stands as it were on the threshold of the Pyrenees; and the view of the chain of *pics* and ridges, seen from the terrace called the Parc, is one of the finest in France—somewhat like that of the Alps, which we admired together at Berne. It does credit to the taste of the English that so many of them make Pau their place of residence. Its climate is delicious, and its winter is said to pass away without its usual accompaniments. Pau has only one object of interest in itself, that is, the fine old stately castle of the princes of Bèarn, in which Henri Quatre was born. The cradle in which he was rocked, the shell of a large tortoise suspended upside down, by cords like a scale for weighing, is still preserved. This venerable relic escaped destruction at the Revolution, like the statue at

Charing Cross, by a zealous Royalist substituting for it another tortoiseshell, obtained from a cabinet of natural history, which was dragged through the streets and broken to pieces. The castle now belongs to Louis-Philippe, who, as usual, is restoring it in very good taste, and filling it with ancient furniture. A carved bedstead is said to have belonged to Henry, and a gothic arm-chair, the gift of Marshal Soult, who bought it for the king in England, to Henry's mother, Jeanne d'Albret. One room is to be fitted up with splendid and costly vases, tables, chimney-piece, &c. of porphyry from Sweden, the contribution of Bernadotte, King of Sweden to Pau, his native town. The house where he was born still exists, and many of his relatives remain in very humble condition: one female cousin keeps a gargote (a common eating-house), where dinners may be had at five sous; another, an old man, who collects the octroi duties at the entrance of the town, has now and then a carriage stop before his door, a purse is handed out to him, containing five or six thousand francs, and it then drives off. Bernadotte quitted the place very young as a drummer boy.

'In the view from Pau, one mountain in particular had attracted our attention by its striking form, and our first plunge into the mountains was to pay it a visit. It rises at the end of the Val d'Ossau, which we found to be one of the most interesting in the Pyrenees, both for its fine scenery and its inhabitants, who are a primitive race, retaining their ancient customs and costumes—the women wearing red hoods, called *capelets*, which I can compare only to bags unsewn along one side, drawn over the head, and descending below the shoulders, so that they serve for hat and cloak at once. The men wear broad brown caps, overhanging their brows, exactly like those worn by Scottish shepherds, brown jackets, tights, and stockings, all of the undyed black sheep's wool, and a scarlet sash round their waists. I saw among them many faces and figures

which would have delighted an artist to paint. There are two watering-places in this valley, and our first halt was made at that called Eaux Bonnes, a group of hotels and lodging-houses of large size, niched into a little nook or side valley, with precipices rising close behind the houses, as straight as their walls. I have no doubt the bears and wolves look down from above and see all that is going on below. Perhaps you don't think there are many such animals. We had scarcely been half an hour in the place when we were roused by the noise of a number of shots, close at hand; and hastening to the spot to see what was the matter, we met descending the steep slope behind the chapel, the last building in the place, a singular procession. A wild-looking party of active peasants, in the brown berrets, jackets, and stockings, I have described to you, their long locks cut away from their brows, but hanging down behind, below the neck, as is their fashion, armed with muskets and hatchets, one bearing a dead *izard*, or chamois, slung round his shoulders; another leading an animal, which it required some minutes to recognize. It was a donkey, not in a lion's but in a bear's skin, his long ears packed quite close under Bruin's small night-cap, and the broad *pattes* or feet of the deceased hanging and swinging most inconveniently about the ass's own hoofs. The bear had been killed that morning on the mountain, having committed the night before the atrocious murder of ten sheep, two of which he had furthermore eaten. His captors, who had taken good aim—one shot going straight through his forehead, and several others into the head—were picking up a few sous by dragging his spoils from one hotel to the other.

'The number of visitors left at the baths was not very great, though the Eaux Bonnes have become one of the most fashionable watering-places of the Pyrenees, and is provided with some of the most showy hotels. We soon satisfied our curiosity; but next morning a

terrific rain, which had lasted through the previous night, delayed our departure till nearly noon. We walked to Eaux Chaudes, where the baths and inns are of a humble character; but the scenery of the deep gorge in whose depth they lie, between precipitous mountains, is very striking. Far finer, however, is the upper part of the valley, whither Torrie and I rode, nearly to the Spanish frontier, quite to the foot of the Pic du Midi. Although it would not show itself, owing to envious mists, we were well repaid by the views; the abundance of foliage of all sorts, especially of box, which grows here in an extraordinary luxuriance, like furze or broom with us, covering the mountain from top to bottom. There were not wanting many fine large trees. On the road we met the flocks descending for the winter from the high pastures, attended by the noble Pyrenean dogs, fine robust animals, as large as Newfoundland dogs, whose duty is less to conduct than to protect the sheep, and both dog and shepherd are generally seen leading the way. The next day we returned to Pau, and, favoured by the sun, had at last a fine view of the Pic, when we were thirty miles distant from it.

'Our second start from Pau carried us through very fine scenery, but different from what we had already seen, to the baths of Cauterets, St Sauveur, and Barèges. It happens that the watering-places of the Pyrenees are so placed as to form excellent halting places for mere tourists—while in passing from one to the other, or in short excursions, you see all the finest scenery. The number of English we have seen here is remarkably small, I cannot help thinking because so little is known of the country. There is literally no tolerable guide. I know no district so destitute; and we are obliged to feel our way at every step, by gleaning oral information. T—— is a most invaluable and delightful companion. It is like seeing with another pair of eyes to have him at my elbow; and it

is not a little agreeable to revive old recollections and associations of former journeys. The longest walk we have taken was from Cauterets to a small lake, called Lac de Gaube, about twelve miles there and back—through fine scenery, but up hill all the way. The lake has a melancholy interest, from the death of a newly-married English pair, who, arriving at this solitary spot, where there is only a solitary fishing-hut, in the absence of the fisherman got into his wretched ticklish canoe. When in the middle of the lake the boat upset—how, no one knows; and they were drowned, without any eye to mark their fate even. In toiling up the steep path, T——'s sharp eye discovered the recent footmarks of a bear's paws, claw and heel, as distinct as possible, imprinted probably not more than three or four hours before. Snow had fallen in the night, which had probably caused Bruin to descend lower than usual in search of food.

'We made the pretty little village of Luz our head-quarters for a day or two, on account of its centrical situation for making several excursions. The chief of these is to the Cirque de Gavarnie, distant about fifteen miles. We set out on horseback soon after six, with a guide, Jacques, recommended by our worthy little fat landlady, Madame Caseaux, who gives almost the best dinners to be found in the Pyrenees. Favoured by a brilliant sunshine, and fresh morning air, we rode rapidly up the valley—past the edge of precipices, down which the eye looked aplomb 250 or 300 feet into the green and frothy river, agonised within the narrow cleft, barely opened for it between the rocks below. We trotted over many narrow bridges of planks, suspended over gulfs and cataracts, and galloped by waterfalls innumerable, many of them bestridden by water-mills, four or five in a row, not much larger than boxes—looking at a distance like beads on a white thread. 'About half-way, in descending a hill towards a village called Gedres, where the gorge

expands into a basin-shaped valley, we had a fine view of the mountain called Marboré, which rises above the Cirque de Gavarnie, all covered with snow; and beside it we saw equally clearly the far-famed Brèche de Roland. This is a square gap in the wall of rock forming the crest of the mountain, made by the Paladin *en chef* Orlando, with one swashing blow of his sword when he passed over into Spain to fight the Moors! We pulled up and eyed it attentively—I with my glass. From where we stood it looked a mere notch or like the gap left in an otherwise well-filled jaw by the loss of a single tooth. Yet we gazed on it with interest, from the story, and its name and its great elevation, 9000 feet above the sea, and T—— advised me to make the ascent, he of course not being equal for it.

'The idea had occurred to me already; the ambition of climbing prevailed, and I proposed the expedition to our guide. The suggestion came unexpectedly upon him. We had started an hour and a half too late, he said, and it would take four good hours' hard climbing from the foot of the ascent. In short he seemed very lukewarm: still the ascent was decided on. At Gavarnie we were provided with crampons for the feet, and with spiked batons, which a wild dishevelled lass bore, scampering after our ponies, about three miles from the village, as far as the Cirque. This is a natural amphitheatre, surrounded not by mountains as valleys commonly are, but by a circle of precipices, rising like a wall on all sides save one, where there is a breach to let out the river, formed by the drainage of many glaciers, and of twelve or sixteen streamlets, which descend over the walls of rock in falls like white strings. The precipices forming the sides of the Cirque of Gavarnie are divided into three or four steps, or terraces, and between each terrace is a glacier of ice and snow heaped up, the whole surmounted by numerous sharp snowy peaks. As a scale to show you the dimensions of the Cirque, there is one fall which descends in

one white cord down the face of a precipice, 1200 to 1400 feet high. There is a singular ocular deception in the view: you arrive at the entrance, and think the waterfall close at hand, but you toil over rough fallen stones and glacier for nearly half an hour before you reach its foot, the distance being a long mile. I have now got to the foot of the mountain, and the very verge of my paper, and in consequence must break off; but I promise to continue my narrative immediately on another sheet.'

'Bagnères de Bigorre, Sept. 8, 1841.

'Before quitting the village of Gavarnie, by T——'s advice I had fortified myself with breakfast—some trout, and a very tough chop, washed down with a small quantity of red wine and water; but the wine being very bad, I did not take much of it. Jacques, equally provident, stored a wallet with huge hunches of meat and bread, and slung round his neck an ugly looking wooden bottle. But you exclaim, You have brought us to the foot of the mountain, why don't you carry us up? The fact is, I cannot see my way up, and neither you nor any other person coming to the Cirque, for the first time, would divine that there was any way up. It is all wall and precipice—perpendicular all the way round. Jacques, however, the sturdy guide of eighteen years' standing, who has been up to the Brèche twice this year, and four or five times last, and more than forty times in his life, is leading the way steadily, over stripes of dirty glacier, and heaps of pointed stones fallen from above since the creation, and perhaps some of them part before it, while the world was a chaos. He makes steadily for the right-hand corner—picking his way where no path is visible, to a slightly projecting buttress of rock seemingly as abrupt and vertical as any other part. Here he commences literally

escalading the precipices; and as the undertaking is now not to be avoided—no shirking—your humble servant set to work in earnest to imitate Jacques, and find his way.

'Where we began the rock is literally a sheer wall, but being composed of shivery limestone—a kind of slate, it breaks off into splintery edges, which serve with care as steps. I do not profess to be especially courageous, provided with strong nerve, or endowed with remarkable steadiness, or strength of head,—and I felt it was only by firmly riveting my attention to the object before me, the very spot on which I was to place my foot, that I could avoid the distraction and tendency to giddiness produced by an uninterrupted glance down a precipice hundreds of feet beneath me. In many places the nicks or notches were very wide apart, or, instead of a projection offering a hold for the foot, nothing but a smooth space of slate presented itself; now and then my blindness prevented my discerning the proper steps, and I then had to feel my way aided by the guide's instruction, and grasping firm hold by the hand of some projection above. Here the spiked pole was much in the way, and I was tempted to throw it aside—'twas well I did not. The guide advanced steadily upwards, putting one foot before the other in the same even and regular steps, as though beating time. There is no intermission to this ascent—no landing place where you may gain breath by a few dozen paces along level ground, it is all treadmill work, always ascending, sometimes up a steep bank of greensward, at another, up a projecting buttress of the limestone wall, the strata of which, being almost vertical, resembled the leaves of a book, only quite ragged round the edges. In this way we toiled up for two good hours, of incessant hard labour. The heat was intense, and I felt a constant throbbing in the drums of my ears. One or twice we stopped to draw breath, and it was a glorious sight to look around upon the Cirque and the

snowy ridges surmounting it,—and down upon the precipices and waterfalls beneath my feet, which just before I had gazed up at with aching head.

'After each twenty minutes of toil, I looked round upon the great waterfall, the 1200 feet cascade, as a measure of my own progress; and it was a tough job to get the mastery of it so as to look down upon it, I assure you. The only sound in this wilderness hitherto had been the murmur of these falling waters; but about twelve, when the sun had become powerful, a distant report like thunder attracted my attention, followed by another—it was the roar of the avalanches stirred by the heat continued at intervals during the next two hours; and a very respectable broadside the Pyrenees kept up that afternoon, not much inferior to the Alps. At the height we had now attained, about 1500 feet from the bottom of the rock, we were met by the cold wind from the glacier, and very refreshing it was. Below us still yawned the gaping Cirque, apparently so close under our feet that we might throw a stone into it. The guide traced T——'s progress along the bottom, but he was reduced to such an emmet in the depth below, that my eyes could not discover him. Above our heads now opened out a wide expanse of snow and glacier, covering a very steep slope, and surmounted by the ridge of rock in which is the rent of Roland's Brèche. The glacier is a highly inclined plane like the roof of a house, and the most difficult part of the task is to ascend it.

'I sat down on the last rock rising as it were on the shore of this sea of ice, and after the guide had tied the crampons very firmly upon my feet, I grasped my pole and started. I was very tired by this time, and the steepness of the slope, together with the weight of the crampons, to which I was unaccustomed, and of the snow hanging to them, rendered it very laborious to climb; add to this, a cold rain and sleet came on, which made the snow and ice more slippery, and the foothold more

difficult. As I toiled on, keeping, as well as I could, up with the guide, and treading in his footsteps, two other travellers, who had started some hours before us, passed us swiftly descending. How I envied them—but half an hour's good hard work still remained for me. From the slipperiness of the snow, (which had recently fallen,) and the fatigue I felt, my steps no longer continued firm, my feet slipped from under me, and after one or two slips, down I slid like an arrow, traversing in half a minute what had taken a quarter of an hour to surmount; indeed, I was in a fair way to the bottom of the glacier, but recollecting some of my Swiss experience, I threw myself on my back, stretched wide my feet, digging in the heels, and driving the spike of my baton deep into the snow, and thus shortly brought myself to an anchor. In an instant Jacques was down from the height he had reached beside me, and laying hold of my hand, with stout arm and firm foot soon led me to the top of the ascent.

'The next stage of the business is to cross another division of the glacier, nearly in a straight line, scarcely ascending at all; but the angle at which it lies is very much steeper than that passed already, and so nearly vertical that I do not think it would be possible even for a very skilful mountaineer to ascend it, and the foot that once slipped in crossing it would go irretrievably to the bottom. Here my guide made me precede him, and gave me special injunctions to lift up my feet well, and to set each foot down with a stamp so as to make a good hole in the snow, striking in my pole to a considerable depth before each step, adding after his admonitions, "Parcequ'il y a du danger ici." This *mauvais pas* was passed happily, safely, and quickly, and a few steps more brought me within the Brèche de Roland. The little ridge which I had seen below, eight miles off, like the blade of a small saw inserted in a grooved handle, now rose before me a mountainous wall of rock 300 feet high and about fifty thick in the

gap. The Gap of Roland itself had expanded to a width of 180 feet.

'Before me, looking through this singular window, was Spain—a most uninviting prospect of rugged ridges, bare mountains, and valleys filled with stones and snow, while in the foreground, the horizon, up to which rises the vast plain of Arragon, dimly seen in very clear weather, was at the moment concealed. On the French side, the Vignemale. the highest mountain in France, and covered with glaciers, was also partly hidden. But except these, all was clear; the sleety rain had ceased; the sun shone brightly forth; and a hundred peaks rose around me. Still the absorbing feature is the Brèche itself; and the colossal wall, rising so high and so abruptly; yet literally a wall in proportion to the mountain, which slopes down on both sides like a house roof. It is like the crested hog-mane on the neck of a Grecian horse. The threshold of the Brèche shares in this peculiar character—so that as I sat astride of the rocky ridge which forms the boundary line of two mighty kingdoms, my right leg was in France and the other in Spain.

'The gratification of having succeeded, the elasticity of the mountain air, and a crust of bread, with a piece of prepared chocolate, washed down by a draught of Jacques' previously despised wooden bottle, dissipated all fatigues. Jacques was distressed that he had no cup, but one or two good hearty pulls at the bottle-mouth, time about, and a couple of cigaritos—genuine from St Sebastian—cemented our friendship, and we became great allies. The Brèche, notwithstanding its difficulty of access, serves as a pass from a small Spanish village into France, and my guide pointed out to me a nook in the rock, where a flask of wine had been deposited by a party of three wild but handsome and Murilloish shepherds, whom we had met conducting two priests.

'We had accomplished the ascent in three hours,

the time usually taken being four; the descent was effected in less than two, with equally good speed. The first glacier was passed slowly and cautiously, the second we glided down in the fashion of a *montagne russe*, resting on our spiked staffs to check the rapidity of our progress. I was right glad to get rid of the crampons when beyond the slope. The rest of the descent we leaped, trotted, walked, or scrambled down, taking our time about those craggy buttresses of precipitous rock, of which I have already spoken. I was surprised to find how much the guide followed the same line in descending; though the track was quite imperceptible at a distance to my eye, yet I found myself treading on the very same stones I had trod on in mounting. I had agreed with T—— that he should ride back to Luz quietly, and await me there, and not to be surprised if he did not see me till next morning; but, having got through the walk so well and quickly, and finding my guide true to the backbone, and myself quite fresh, I determined to ride back that night. Accordingly, after half an hour's rest and a cup of coffee at Gavarnie, we were once more on horseback, and in less than three hours' time the fourteen miles of mountain-road were passed, notwithstanding precipices, and giddy bridges and the shades of night which overtook us about 2/3ds of the way, and the court-yard of good and fat Madame Cazeaux's inn was resounding to the crack of my whip. I was warmly welcomed by T——, as you may suppose; and, after supper, I retired to a good sound sleep. The last four or five miles was in the dark, but I made the guide ride between me and the precipice. And now, leaving you as tired probably as I was myself, I will say, Good night.'

'Trezar, an obscure village in the Cantal,
Wednesday, Sept. 22, 1841.

'We turned our backs upon the Pyrenees on Wednesday last, with much regret. We have been favoured with remarkably fine weather for the last fortnight, which was very fortunate, as most of our journeys and expeditions had to be performed on horseback.

'The day after my expedition to the Brèche de Roland, we quitted our comfortable little inn at Luz, and our civil landlady, for Barèges,—the name of which everybody has heard more than perhaps any other watering-place among the Pyrenees. In spite of this, we both agreed it was the most disagreeable place we had seen. Lying in a narrow, bare valley, so high up among the mountains, in so exposed a situation, that the avalanches descend upon it in winter, and bury a great part in snow; in consequence of this, a wide gap is left in the single street of which the town consists, and only wooden booths are built upon that part, which can be taken down and moved away. In winter the inhabitants go away, leaving only twenty or thirty to take care of the houses, and keep off the wolves; and return at the beginning of summer, to dig their habitations out of the snow.

Barèges runs risk not only from the avalanches: the little river now and then rises tremendously, and sweeps away a row of building. The inn we put up at was the worst we had been in in France, and the dinner so horrible and dirty that we could not eat it. We bitterly regretted our good quarters at Madame Caseaux's, in Luz. Yet, with all this, Barèges is in very high repute for the cures which its waters effect, and is every year crowded with visitors. The supply of water is so small, that the baths are engaged from every hour of day and night; and there are large public baths for the soldiers and common people, in

which twenty persons can enter at once, supplied for the overflow of the other baths—and even with water which has partly been used. The cures effected are wonderful, and the streets are crowded with cripples, wounded soldiers, and other miserable objects; in fact, Barèges is a complete hospital.

'We were glad to depart at five the next morning, under the guidance of my friend Jacques, whom we took from Luz, in preference to any other guide, and who provided us with good horses. A long ride over the mountains, by a path practicable only on horse or foot, brought us in seven or eight hours to Bagnères de Bigorre, the largest and most townlike of all the Pyrenean baths, beautifully situated between the plain and the mountain. We staid here two days and a half, to explore the town and neighbourhood, and I spent some time in a library containing a large collection of books about the Pyrenees, whence I gleaned some good information.

'Another long journey of two days on horseback also over the mountains, carried us to Bagnères de Luchon, through much fine scenery. We travelled in company with two English Roman Catholic gentlemen, who were going our way, and whom we met on the road at a miserable cottage, into which we had galloped to obtain shelter from a thunder-storm, which, though we had set out in the finest weather, overtook us in the mountains, at a distance from habitations,—our guide lagging some miles behind us with the luggage. Of them, more by-and-by.—I will now tell you about two excursions we made from Luchon: the first to the pretty, pastoral valley de Lis, remarkable for its waterfalls, and closed in by snowy glaciers and dark drapery of fir-woods. We walked thither the day after our long two-days' ride, Torrie being now strong enough for such a walk, though the distance was fully fourteen miles there and back. As we quietly sauntered along, we were overtaken by several parties of French ladies

and gentlemen from the baths, on horseback, with their guides—all galloping as fast as possible—generally wearing red sashes, such as are used by the peasants of this country, and broad-brimmed white felt hats—that being the fashion at these watering-places.

'By the time we had reached the extremity of the valley, and had seen the waterfalls, the number of horses had increased to sixty—all gathered round a little cottage which furnishes milk to visitors—all tied round the walls or picketed among the bushes. But the scene of confusion produced by the dismounted riders, male and female, is more than I can describe. Not one of them thought of the beautiful valley and waterfalls,—the chief object in view was to eat, apparently; among the Babel of tongues, the cracking of whips, the neighing of horses, shouts of "Où sont les vivres!"—were by far the most predominant. Here you encountered a man with a couple of bottles of wine under his cloak—there another with a great basket of prog. On one side you ran the risk of having your eyes knocked out by the legs of a table carried by a sturdy guide to his impatient and hungry masters; on another was the chance of being kicked by half a score of horses; while, to add to the din and confusion, one party of ladies and gentlemen had got possession of the largest room, and were beginning to gallopade to an accompaniment of their own voices, *en attendant* the getting ready of their provisions. We were soon satisfied with a scene so thoroughly French: there was only one tolerably pretty face among the ladies, and among the gentlemen were not many who seemed to *deserve* the name, even though they might bear it,—so, swallowing a basin of milk, we took our departure, and reached Luchon without being overtaken by any of the party. While at dinner, however, they made their entry in a body, the whole sixty riding three by three in procession; and long after dark the same people paraded the great avenue on foot, singing in

chorus, but out of tune, and, in very bad voices, very bad songs.

'Another, and far more interesting excursion was made by Torrie and me, from Luchon across the crest of the Pyrenees, at a pass called the Col de Venasque, leading into Spain. This was done on horseback. Setting out at seven, after an early breakfast, we were joined on the road by our English friends; and soon after, at the miserable hospice where we stopped to bait our horses, were overtaken by a French party, including a priest—each of the three parties led by a guide (ours the most experienced of the whole)—so that we formed a body of eleven horsemen, to scale the mountain. It was indeed literally *scaling*. From the hospice a little side valley opens out in the form of a semicircle—its sides complete precipices; and it puzzled us all, as our horses' heads were turned towards it, and we commenced the ascent, to tell by what magic men on foot, much less laden beasts, were to pass up and over this wall in any part of its circumference. Up, however, we went, toiling for two hours incessantly up a slightly traced path, but always winding in zigzags, over large stones or smooth solid rock. It was a picturesque sight to look down upon this winding path, like a cord unwound, with our cavalcade of men and horses winding up it. In all the difficult passes I have traversed, I never met with an ascent so steep or long—yet our little jaded horses did the work wonderfully well, taking to the steep, staircase road most willingly, and clambering among the cliffs like kids—never making a false step,—so that, except for a very short distance, no one needed to dismount.

'As we mounted higher hills, however, another obstacle besides the steepness, presented itself—in the *wind*, which rushes down the gullies with a force perfectly tremendous, and renders it very difficult to keep one's seat. As almost every part of the path is carried up the face of the slope which is all but a

precipice, it is easy to imagine what serious consequences to horse and man these gusts may produce; and there is a proverb, that in ascending the Port de Venasque a father will not look back at his son, nor a son at his father. Two or three tremendous gusts had given us a foretaste of what might be expected, when a sudden and more severe one whistled and whirled among the rocks; the horses staggered, the riders bent before it, clapping one hand to their hats, and the other to the pummel of their saddles. One ill-starred beast, however, could not stand it: it was that which bore one of the Englishmen, who was a good rider, and had been in the 15th Hussars. To my terror and horror, I saw his beast down, slipping and struggling on the edge of a most abrupt descent; to have slipped over would have been death,—horse and man would not have stopped till they had reached a thousand feet below, perhaps, and they would have swept others with them. Luckily the captain threw himself off. The same accident, however, happened twice in about a quarter of an hour to the same individual,—the second time with some mixture of the ludicrous; for the poor man's hat was wafted below, exhibiting a very bald pate, heightening his rueful aspect. We comforted him by the loan of handkerchiefs and scarfs to keep his head warm, and so proceeded. It was amusing to see with what alacrity at the second gust every one dropped from his saddle.

'The steepness of the mountain and the shortness of the zigzags constantly increased till we reached the top —a small fissure, not broader than eight feet; a moderate doorway cleft in the crest of the mountain. Torrie and I were the two first on the top; and on passing this doorway, stepped from France at once into Spain. But what a scene opened before us!—not a glimpse of which had been perceived before. We beheld an enormous mountain, the highest of the Pyrenees, called the Maladetta, or Accursed,—I suppose from the utterly barren

and dreary air of it and everything about it; its tall round top and ridge covered with everlasting snow, except where one or two bristling black peaks broke through it,—its lower part shrouded with scanty fir-trees,—a great gulf or deep ravine separating it from the bare ridge on which it stood,—not a sign of human habitation or cultivation. We spent more than an hour reclining on the scanty grass, gazing on this magnificent spectacle; then by another similar pass returned into France—proceeding, on our way out of Arragon, through a corner of Catalonia. Thus ended our most striking excursion in the Pyrenees.'

1882–1891

Finally, I add a few extracts from letters of later years to show how his eager zest for travel remained fresh as ever to the end.

In 1882 he visited France with my brother Hallam and their friend Louis Jennings (afterwards M.P. for Stockport) and accompanied by the faithful Mills.

'Hôtel Lion d'Or, Rheims, Aug. 23, '82.

'We reached this most interesting City yesterday, and have decided to spend to-day here to write letters and allow H. to sketch. He is now at work in the glorious Cathedral, whose vast W. front I gaze on from my window as I write, rising in all its vastness and beauty of architecture and sculpture within a stone's throw.

'It is certainly the most perfect Gothic edifice in France; its solemn interior overwhelms one by its vastness and perfect symmetry. Besides, within it you gaze on the spot before the High Altar where Jeanne d'Arc stood with her banner in her hand by the side of Charles VII whom she had restored to the

throne, at his coronation, and this done, she threw herself at his feet, and begged to be dismissed to feed her flock as a simple peasant, a request not complied with unfortunately, since she was captured a few weeks after, sold to the English, only to be burned as a witch at Rouen. Here also in the Sacristy we were shown the fragments of the Sainte Ampoule, the phial of holy oil given by an Angel to Clovis, from which the Kings of France were anointed at their coronation, until a Revolutionist broke it in pieces in 1793, so that a new one had to be made.

'I wish you could have seen with us the rare Church plate, and the Archbishop's coronation robes of richest golden broidery made for the Sacring of Charles X.

'We have seen a great many fine Churches, and were particularly struck with that of Laon, which, perfect in itself, has a wonderful site, on a solitary hill rising out of the plain, visible far and near. It has been for 30 years past under repair at the expense of the French Government, which does for its Churches what private individuals do for ours: perhaps the French do too much scarifying and giving a modern aspect to what ought to be venerable from age.'

'Senlis, Aug. 18, 1882.

'I changed our place of halt on Wednesday night to Chantilly, Jennings having heard a great deal of the Duc d'Aumale's newly built château. It is not open to the public, but on my making up to Mr Miles, the Duke's English groom of the chambers, and telling him I was known to the Duke, we saw the interior to great advantage.

'It is really superb: the finest thing, I suppose, in all France after Royal Palaces. The pictures, many of which I had seen at Twickenham, are most choice and of the highest value, including a Raphael Holy Family not a foot square, for which 5000 guineas were paid.

'The furnishing of the rooms is sumptuous, one,

the Salle des Batailles, is hung with the Victories of the Grand Condé by Van der Meulen while over the fireplace is framed the Banner taken from the Spaniards by Condé at Rocroi. The pictures occupy two grand apartments lined up to the Roof. The Château, which includes part of the old building destroyed at the Revolution, stands on an Island approached by Drawbridges: the lake swarming with monstrous carp in shoals, who fight with the swans for bits of bread thrown to them.

'In the morning we had driven through the Forest to the Étanges, or ponds, and had walked through the grounds which are pretty.

'Chantilly is given up to racing, and is full of racehorses which are exercised every morning on the Pelouse, or Race Course. The Duke's stables are a palace in themselves. He has 30 horses, but, like a wise man, does not love the turf.'

'Ca' Capello, Venice, May 24, 1884.

'We are enjoying ourselves, and I really think travelling has done us all good. Venice, however, is a crowning pleasure, especially to be under the roof of such kind and intelligent hosts as the Layards. Sir Henry even met us at the station, and brought us hither in his Gondola through the Grand Canal.

'This house occupies one of the most favoured spots upon it, surrounded with Palms, and it is in itself a Bijou surpassing all my expectations in the splendour of its decorations, and the real English comfort of its fittings. He has filled it with works of art collected from all parts which he has visited.

'Last night, after a very nice dinner, we adjourned to an Alcove or Bower surrounded with plants, overlooking the Canal and the Gondolas sweeping along like fireflies silently over the water. Later on a Flotilla of them, all lighted up, bearing a Musical Society floated past us. To-day we went to Ch. in Sir H. L.'s

Gondola, and then spent an hour in the wonderful Picture Gallery with Sir Henry for our guide, and now we are going to take a walk in St Mark's Piazza. . . . I do not like to trespass too long on our kind hosts, but I think we may stay over Sunday, after which we are to plunge among the mts., and I hope get bracing air.

'We have been through many Italian cities, Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, all most interesting places. Such beautiful Churches, such a garden of cypresses, nearly 100 in number, and more than 100 feet high. . . . The silence of Venice is something special, and we slept so soundly last night after the shouting and singing of nightly revellers, and the morning coppersmith's hammer and anvil at Brescia.'

'Caprile, Val Corderole, Italy, June 7, '84.

'I am not quite sure where I left off in my last letter from Venice, but think I told you of our stay being prolonged two days by the advice of the Layards' friend, Mr Malcolm.

'Accompanied by him we set off on Thursday morning for his house at Longarone among the mountains, where we became his guests for two days until this morning. And very kind he was to us. After encountering a tremendous storm of rain, hail and thunder in the train, we left it at a place called Vittoria, where his carriage was awaiting us, to drive us 27 miles to his house. We did the distance in 3½ hours. Moreover he brought with him a mysterious basket, which about 2 o'clock, when we had become desperately hungry, he opened, and disclosed a first-rate luncheon which we rapidly consumed.

'The rain suddenly cleared off, the carriage was opened, and we had a delightful drive to Longarone, where Mr M. has a comfortable country house built close to the river Piave, a furious torrent which nearly swept it away in a tremendous inundation

which overspread great part of N. Italy in 1882. Every river in a wide range of country burst its banks, covered its valleys with hateful barren stones and débris, and swept away roads, carried off bridges and houses, and did damage to the extent of millions. Among others Mr M. suffered greatly. Between his house and the Piave he had created a beautiful garden with flowers, and a fountain. It is all swept away, not a trace of it left, his timber ponds and saw mills, for he is a great timber merchant, were nearly destroyed, and if he had not been a wealthy man he would have been ruined. His kindness to us was unbounded. He gave us charming rooms, and treated us with unbounded hospitality, all this owing to the introduction of the Layards.

'Next morning he drove with us up to the Val di Zoldo, one of the most magnificent valleys in the Dolomite mountains, rising 6000 or 8000 feet above the sea in peaks and saw-like ridges and towers. The road most part of the way runs along edge of precipices. But we were safely driven in little carrioles drawn by one small horse. We lunched at the chief village, and returned home in a storm of rain. We have encountered what is called bad weather since we left Venice, that is to say, it has rained every day, generally severe thunder storms with heavy pouring rain, such as you don't see in England, but so fortunate have we been, that the storm has always fallen when we have been in shelter, and we have seen all we wanted to see. This morning we left Mr M. after a hearty farewell, before 9, and have travelled by road till 7, when we reached this place high up in the mts., where a great coat is necessary, for the air is bracing. The inn is modest and unpretentious, but clean and kept by a civil Italian woman.

'We intend to pass a quiet Sunday here, and in four days' time we hope to be in Trent, and get letters for which we wait impatiently.'

'Riva, Lago di Garda, June 15, 84.

'We are passing Sat. and Sunday at one of the most lovely spots in Italy. The head of the beautiful Garda lake which y^r^ mother and I drove along 37 years ago but could not stop at.

'We have rooms overlooking the lake wh. washes the Garden wall. We take our meals under a bower in the little garden, and are never tired of gazing on the blue water and listening to the gentle murmur of the waves. . . .

'Our journey through the Dolomites has been a great success. We have traversed some of the most beautiful valleys, and gazed on the grandest and most wonderful forms of mountain peaks, and since our cavalcade across the mts. on horseback we have had easy travelling by carriage—the most pleasant mode of travelling. We have greatly admired the lovely flowers in the Alpine meadows and on the roadside at this season. Such Gentians, and great red lilies that I should prize much in our garden at home if they could be induced to grow. We are hoping to receive letters here to-day when the post comes in, being anxious to hear about dear E. and the Boy, the news of whose arrival has occupied much of our thoughts.'

'Hawarden Castle, Oct. 13, 1885.

'My visit here is indeed very pleasant. The hosts most agreeable and attentive. Mr G. very talkative. Mrs G. most careful of the blind man, to prevent his falling over dark steps in the passages or slippery floors in the Hall. We have two sons in the house and one in the village. Ld. Spencer, who made himself very agreeable, left yesterday for Balmoral, and the Dean of Windsor and his dear wife have gone to-day. He inquired after you, as did Miss

Phillimore. Their places to-day are filled by Lady Fredk. Cavendish, and Millais fresh from Dunkeld, where he has fishing and shooting quarters. The Park here is really beautiful, such large noble oaks, and so many of them. We walk through the woods after lunch, Mr G. leading the troop. I hover in the mornings about the romantic ruins of the Castle, which have a great charm for me. Mr G. has just discovered a huge elm which hides the view of the Keep, and he is to cut it down day after to-morrow.'

'April 5, 1891.

'As you may suppose, my thoughts of late have been considerably absorbed in watching the reception of Murray's Memoirs, to which I look to place my dear Father in the position which he deserves to hold before the world. As yet I have reason to be thankful and grateful to the Trade—who have vied with one another in appreciating and applauding his character, and in extolling the interest of the book. The best articles I have seen are in the "Sat. Review" and "Spectator," but all are good.

'Gladstone (entre vous) seems to be devoting himself heart and soul to the book, of which we hope to have his estimate in "Murray's Magazine."'

'Rousdon, Lyme Regis, May 1891.

'You know Rousdon, so I need not describe it. I am astonished at its vastness and the manner in which difficulties, apparently unsurmountable, have been surmounted.

'The house is larger than I expected, and is replete with every convenience, and the kindness of hosts and hostess beat everything I have experienced. We are fortunate too in having such pleasant fellow-guests as

Maj. and Mrs Darwin, who among other topics tell us all about Japan.

'The walks made around the wind-swept promontory are endless and skilfully contrived to give shelter in all directions.

'I am surprised at the rapid clothing with trees of a spot so bleak, and am delighted to observe how the trees and shrubs thrive. Pines and Conifers and cypresses of the choicest kinds abound. Only too many of them, perhaps, and extensive and speedy clearance must soon be made to save the best specimens from overcrowding and destruction.

'On Sat. Sir C. H. took M. and me a very interesting walk to see the landslip, not only guiding us, but clutching hold of me to save me going over the precipice!'

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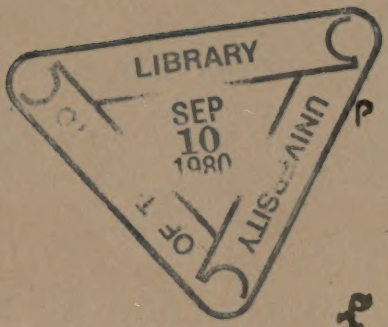
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John Murray III, 1808-
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